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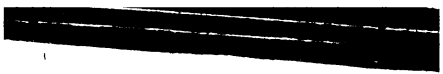

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The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense!---We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the blessed, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.----
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,

BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;

BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Hail, heav'n born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.---With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget PHILOMELA.

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PREFACE.

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his church we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest akin to heaven, and it is pity that this of all others should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men; and in these last days of the gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord, yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the new Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly while the psalm is on their lips might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion, and it is much to be feared that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches still want some degrees of reforma-

tion, nor are the methods of prayer so perfect as to stand in need of no correction or improvement; but of all our religious solemnities psalmody is the most unhappily managed, that every action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations doth not only flat our devotion but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinced that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs: some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel, many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of Christians: hence it comes to pass that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth, in the beginning of a psalm we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven by some expressions that are most suited to the days of carnal ordinances, and fit only to be sung in the worldly sanctuary. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figures of Judaism, yet the very next line perhaps which the Clerk parcels out unto us hath something in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy that darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus by keeping us close to David in the bowels of God the

veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the lovingkindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips, that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living, *Psal.* lxix. 26, 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies, and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts and the circumstances of our lives may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph that breaks off our song in the midst; our consciences are affrighted least we should speak a falsehood unto God. Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled before we have time to reflect that thus may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and perhaps in some instances that salvo is hardly sufficient neither; besides, it almost always spoils the devotion by breaking the uniform thread of it; for while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly

together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine light in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers and many private Christians have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished rather than attempted a reformation. At their importunate and repeated requests I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of Psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: it is the most artful, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy, and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book: never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written and so justly reverenced and admired: but it must be acknowledged still that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days to assume as its own: there are also many deficiencies of light and glory which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed

or is the attempt vainglorious or presuming;
pect of clear evangelical knowledge "The
the kingdom of heaven is greater than all
rish prophets," *Mat.* xi. 11.

t me give a short account of the following
res.

eatest part of them are suited to the general
he gospel and the most common affairs of
s. I hope there will be very few found but
y properly be used in a religious assembly,
ne of them but may well be adopted to some
ther of private or of public worship. The
nent tempers and changes of our spirit and
s of our life are here copied, and the breath-
ir piety expressed according to the variety of
ons, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire,
w, our wonder, and our joy, as they are re-
devotion, and act under the influence and
f the blessed Spirit, all conversing with God
r by the new and living way of access to the
ven the person and mediation of our Lord
rist. To him also, even to the Lamb that
and now lives, I have addressed many a song;
oth the holy scripture instruct and teach us
p in the various short patterns of Christian
described in the Revelation. I have avoided
obscure and controverted points of Chris-

anity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and "sing his praises with understanding," *Psal.* xlvii 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship, without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable that what is provided for public singing should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for blessed be God we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphor are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain a

obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced. I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass that I have been forced to lay aside many Hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and more unconfined variety of number, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral compositures, are now printed in a second edition of the poems entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as in that book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind without offending the plainer sort of Christians, so in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainments of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time if possible not to give disgust to persons of richer sense and nicer education; and I hope in the present volume this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into Three Books.

In the *first* I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical, and many parts of the Old Testament also that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased according to the judgment of the critics; but as my whole design was to aid the devotion of Christians, so more especially in this part; and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, namely, assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God but the translation of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear such an alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of Psalms fitted for the use of our churches, and David converted into a Christian: but because I cannot persuade others to

attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have through divine goodness already proceeded half way through.

The *second part* consists of Hymns whose form is of mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it is easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat; yet I hope in many of them the reader will find that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth Psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for
tion of the Lord's Supper, that in imit
blessed Saviour we might sing an hymn a
partaken of the bread and wine. Here
some paraphrases of scripture and some
positions. There are above an hundred h
two former parts that may very properly
this ordinance, and sometimes perhaps
suitable than any of these last; but there are
generally used in these which confine them
table of the Lord, and therefore I have
and set them by themselves

If the Lord who inhabits the praises
refuse to smile upon this attempt for th
of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I
that his blessed Spirit will make these co
ful to private Christians; and if they ma
honour of being esteemed pious medit
the devout and the retired soul in the e
faith, and joy, it will be a valuable
my labours, my heart shall rejoice
it, and my God shall receive the glor
hope and vow in the first publication
duty to acknowledge to him with
useful he has made these Composit
comfort and edification of societ
persons; and upon the same gr

prospect and a bigger hope of much more service to the church by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Sion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note, "In all the longer hymns, and in some of the "shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotch-"ets thus [], which stanzas may be left out in sing-"ing without disturbing the sense. Those parts are "also included in such crotchets which contain words "too poetical for meaner understandings, or too par-"ticular for whole congregations, to sing. But after "all it is best in public psalmody for the minister to "chuse the particular parts and verses of the psalm or "hymn that is to be sung, rather than leave it to the "judgment or casual determination of him that leads "the tune."

Note, "Since the sixth edition of this book the Au-"thor has finished what he had so long promised, "viz. the Psalms of David imitated in the language "of the New Testament, which the world seems to "have received with approbation, by the sale of some "thousands in a year's time. It is presumed that that "book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be "such a sufficient provision for psalmody as to an-"swer most occasions of the Christian life; and if an

" author's own opinion may be taken, he esteems it
" the greatest work that ever he has published, or ever
" hopes to do, for the use of the churches."

March 3, 17[illegible].

TABLE

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

Note---The letters a, b, c, *denote the first, second, or third Book; the figures direct to the Hymn.*

	B.	H.
A		
ADORE and tremble, for our God,	a	42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,	b	9
All mortal vanities be gone,	a	25
And are we wretches still alive,	b	105
And must this body die,	b	110
And now the scales have left mine eyes,	b	81
Arise my soul, my joyful pow'rs,	b	81
At thy command our dearest Lord,	c	19
Attend while God's exalted Son,	b	130
Awake my heart, arise my tongue,	a	20
Awake our souls, away our fears,	a	48
Away from ev'ry mortal care,	b	123
B		
Backward with humble shame we look,	a	57
Begin my tongue some heav'nly theme,	b	69
Behold how sinners disagree,	a	131
Behold the blind their sight receive,	b	137
Behold the glories of the Lamb,	a	1
Behold the grace appears,	a	3
Behold the potter and the clay,	a	117
Behold the rose of Sharon here,	a	68

	B.	H.
Behold the woman's promis'd seed,	b	135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine,	a	123
Behold what wondrous grace,	a	64
Bless'd are the humble souls that see,	a	102
Bless'd be the everlasting God,	a	26
Bless'd be the Father and his love,	c	26
Bless'd is the man whose cautious feet,	a	31
Bless'd morning! whose young dawning rays,	b	72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence,	b	128
Blood has a voice that moves the skies,	b	118
Bright King of glory! dreadful God!	b	31
Broad is the road that leads to death	b	138
Bury'd in shadows of the night,	a	97
But few among the carnal wise,	a	96
C		
Can creatures to perfection find,	b	170
Christ and his cross is all our theme,	a	119
Come all harmonious tongues,	b	84
Come dearest Lord! descend and dwell,	a	135
Come happy souls, approach your God,	b	103
Come hither all ye weary souls,	a	127
Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,	b	34
Come let us join a joyful tune,	c	8
Come let us join our cheerful songs,	a	62
Come let us lift our joyful eyes,	b	108
Come let us lift our raptur'd [illegible]		

	B.	H.
D		
hters of Sion come, behold,	a	72
Lord! behold our sore distress,	b	163
rest of all the names above,	b	148
th cannot make our souls afraid,	b	49
ath may dissolve my body now,	a	27
ath! 'tis a melancholy day,	b	52
eceiv'd by subtle snares of hell,	a	107
leep in the dust before thy throne,	a	124
Descend from heav'n immortal Dove,	b	23
Do we not know that solemn word,	a	122
Down headlong from their native skies,	b	96
Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song,	b	7
E		
Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,	a	2
Eternal Sov'reign of the sky,	b	149
Eternal Spirit, we confess,	b	133
F		
Faith is the brightest evidence,	a	110
Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,	b	15
Father! I long, I faint to see,	b	68
Father! we wait to feel thy grace,	c	24
Firm and unmov'd are they,	a	23
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,	a	133
From heav'n the sinning angels fell,	b	9
From thee my God my joys shall rise,	b	1
G		
Gentiles by nature, we belong,	a	1

Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Glory to God the Trinity,
Glory to God that walks the sky,
Glory to God the Father's name,
God is a Spirit just and wise,
God of the morning, at whose voice,
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice,
God! the eternal awful name,
God who in various methods told,
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Go worship at Imanuel's feet,
Great God! how infinite art thou,
Great God! I own thy sentence just,
Great God! thy glories shall employ,
Great God! to what a glorious height,
Great King of glory and of grace,
Great was the day, the joy was great,

H

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
Happy the church, thou sacred place,
Happy the heart where graces reign,
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Hark! the Redeemer from on high,
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone,
Here at thy cross my dying God,

	B.	H.
a hill of dazzling light,	b	18
ı, &c.	c	42, 45
ı to our conqu'ring King,	b	89
ı to the Prince of light,	b	76
ıa, to the royal Son,	a	16
, with a cheerful sound,	b	8
thy glories here display'd,	c	25
ıuteous are their feet,	a	10
ı I sink with such a prop,	b	116
ıdescending and how kind,	c	4
l of anguish is the thought,	b	140
vy is the night,	a	98
ıourable is the place,	a	8
ge the promise, how divine,	a	113
have sin and Satan strove,	a	139
h are thy provisions Lord,	c	12
our state by nature is,	b	90
ıll I praise th' eternal God,	b	166
ort and hasty is our life,	b	32
ll the sons of Adam's race,	a	86
ng thine arm is mighty God,	a	49
et and awful is the place,	c	12
n are all things here below,	b	48
ndrous great, how glorious bright,	b	87
I		
bear thine absence Lord,	b	117
mortal praise,	c	38

Lord! how divine thy comforts are, c 12
Lord! how secure and bless'd are they, b 57
Lord! how secure my conscience was, a 115
Lord! we adore thy bounteous hand, c 20
Lord! we adore thy vast designs, b 109
Lord! we are blind, we mortals blind, b 26
Lord! we confess our num'rous faults, a 111
Lord! what a feeble piece, a 37
Lord! what a heav'n of saving grace, b 16
Lord! what a thoughtless wretch was I, a 3
Lord! what a wretched land is this, b
Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll, b
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, a

M

Man has a soul of vast desires, b
Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n, a
My dear Redeemer and my Lord! b
My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so, b
My God! how endless is thy love! b
My God, my life, my love! b
My God, my portion, and my love! b
My God! permit me not to be, b
My God! the spring of all my joys, b
My God! what endless pleasures dwell, b
My heart how dreadful hard it is, b
My Saviour God! my Sov'reign Prince! b
My soul, come meditate the day, b

Soul forsakes her vain delight,
My thoughts on awful spectres roll,
My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
N
Naked as from the earth we came,
Nature with all her pow'r shall sing,
Nature with open volume stands,
No, I 'll repine at death no more,
No, I shall envy them no more,
No more my God, I boast no more,
Nor eye has seen nor ear has heard,
Not all the blood of beasts,
Not all the outward forms on earth,
Not diff'rent food or diff'rent dress,
Not from the dust affliction grows,
Not the malicious or profane,
Not to condemn the sons of men,
Not to the terrors of the Lord,
Not with our mortal eyes,
Now be the God of Israel bless'd,
Now by the bowels of my God,
Now for a tune of lofty praise,
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
Now in the gall'ries of his grace,
Now in the heat of youthful blood,
Now let a spacious world arise,
Now let our pains be all forgot,

TABLE.

B. H.

Now let the Lord my Saviour smile, b 50
Now Satan comes with dreadful roar, b 157
Now shall my inward joys arise, a 39
Now to the Lord a noble song, b 47
Now to the Lord that makes us know, a 64
Now to the pow'r of God supreme, a 138

O

O for an overcoming faith, a 17
O! if my soul were form'd for woe, b 1
O the almighty Lord, b 2
O the delights, the heav'nly joys, b
Often I seek my Lord by night, a
Once more my soul the rising day, b
Our days alas! our mortal days, b
Our God how firm his promise stands, b
Our sins, alas! how strong they be, 1
Our souls shall magnify the Lord,
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb,

P

Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
Praise, everlasting praise be paid,

R

Raise thee my soul, fly up, and run,
Raise your triumphant songs,
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,

S

[illegible] at Your Father's heav'nly word,
[illegible]ful sound,

	B.	H.
incarnate God,	a	45
f flesh and blood,	a	82
η,	a	106
ıloud,	a	92
on Britain shine,	a	35
ınd let our joys,	b	92
reach'rous arts,	b	50
ı disease,	b	153
ıt built the skies,	b	13
th joyful voice,	a	43
heav'nly hosts,	b	62
Father's board,	c	23
ırophet raise,	a	112
ves express	a	132
lesire the breast,	a	143
hake off thy fears,	b	77
ughts that use to rise,	b	28
ıe door is strait,	b	161
T		
eign'st on high,	b	22
surely come,	b	107
·nal Name!	b	55
ıaker God,	b	71
e ador'd,	c	30
ıends his Son,	b	136
in darkness lay,	a	13
ame,	a	118

	B.	H.
The law commands and makes us know,	b	121
The Lord declares his will	b	120
The Lord descending from above,	b	146
The Lord Jehovah reigns,	b	169
The Lord on high proclaims,	b	85
The majesty of Solomon,	b	113
The mem'ry of our dying Lord,	c	15
The promise of my Father's love,	c	3
The promise was divinely free,	b	134
The true Messiah now appears,	b	12
The voice of my beloved sounds,	a	69
The wond'ring world inquires to know,	a	75
There is a house not made with hands,	a	116
There is a land of pure delight,	b	60
There 's no ambition swells my heart,	a	33
There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,	a	11
These glorious minds how bright they shine,	a	41
This is the word of truth and love,	b	138
Thou whom my soul admires above,	a	67
Thus did the sons of Abra'm pass,	b	127
Thus far the Lord has led me on,	a	80
Thus saith the first the great command,	a	116
Thus saith the high and lofty One,	a	87
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies,	b	85
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,	a	121
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord,	a	93

B. II.

ıe faith of joys to come, . . . b 129
the treasures of his word, a 147
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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I. *A new Song to the Lamb that was slain*, Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2. Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3. Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the Hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4. Eternal Father! who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book
And open ev'ry seal?

5. He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.]
6. Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.
7. Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
8. The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r,
Then shorten these delaying days
And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The Deity and humanity of Christ*, John i. 1, 3, 14 Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
2. By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Ere Sin was born or Satan fell
He led the host of morning-stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)
4. But lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
5. Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!
6. Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Emanuel.

III. *The nativity of Christ,* Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

Behold the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.
2. The Lord the highest God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3. O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4. To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears,
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5. "Go humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly,
"The promis'd infant born to-day
"Doth in a manger lie.

6. "With looks and hearts serene
"Go visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing.

7. "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth!"

[8. In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

9. "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth!"]

IV. Referred to the 2d Psalm.

V. *Submission to afflictive providences*, Job i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2. The dear delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4. Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5. If smiling mercy crown our lives
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death*, Job xix 25, 26, 27.

GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay,
I yield my body to the dust
To dwell with fellow clay.

2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave
nd trample on the tombs;
My Jesus my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes!

3. The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4. Tho' greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again
He clothes them all afresh:

5. Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon the unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

VII. *The invitation of the gospel, or spiritu*
clothing, Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,

3. Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

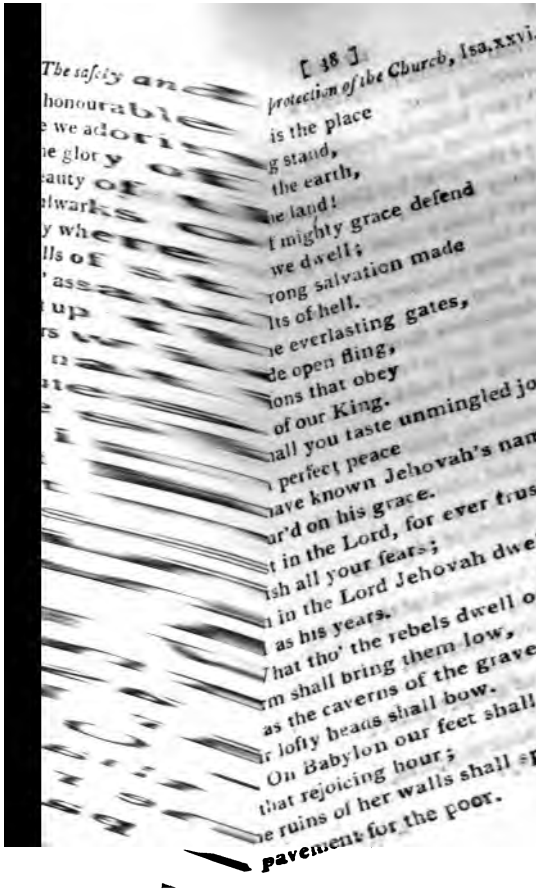
5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join,
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

[6. Ye perishing and naked poor
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin.

7. Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8. Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.


[38]
protection of the Church, Isa. xxvi.
is the place
g stand,
the earth,
e land!
f mighty grace defend
we dwell;
rong salvation made
lls of hell.
e everlasting gates,
de open fling,
ions that obey
of our King.
all you taste unmingled joy
perfect peace
ave known Jehovah's nam
ur'd on his grace.
t in the Lord, for ever trust
sh all your fears;
n in the Lord Jehovah dwel
as his years.
hat tho' the rebels dwell or
m shall bring them low,
as the caverns of the grave
r lofty heads shall bow.
On Babylon our feet shall
that rejoicing hour;
e ruins of her walls shall
pavement for the poor.

he promises of the covenant of grace, Isa. lv. 1, 2. h. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

n we lavish out our lives
her empty wind;
ioicest blessings earth can yield
'arve a hungry mind.
ome, and the Lord shall feed our souls
more substantial meat,
such as saints in glory love,
such as angels eat.
ır God will ev'ry want supply
ll our hearts with peace;
es by cov'nant and by oath
ches of his grace.
ome, and he 'll cleanse our spotted souls
ash away our stains
dear fountain that his Son
from his dying veins.
Our guilt shall vanish all away
lack as hell before,
is shall sink beneath the sea
all be found no more.
id lest pollution should o'erspread
ward pow'rs again,
irit shall bedew our souls
rifying rain.]

7. Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8. Or he can take the first away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10. Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *The blessedness of gospel-times, or the revelati to Jews and Gentiles*, Isa. iii. 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
behold thy Saviour king;
he lives."

3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad,
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled before the sovereignty of grace*, Luke X. 21, 22.

1. THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father! I thank thee, mighty God!
"Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.
2. "I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love
"That crowns my doctrine with success,
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"... and breadths, and lengths of

tyst'ries of redeeming grace
from the wise,
le and carnal reas'nings join
nd blind their eyes."
:h the Lord of heav'n and earth
ress fulfil,
l his works of grace
ov'reign will.

n of God incarnate, or the titles and the king-dom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

hat long in darkness lay
held a heav'nly light,
sat in death's cold shade
rith beams divinely bright.
;in's promis'd Son is born,
:pected Child appear:
iis names or titles be?
derful, the Counsellor."
fant is the mighty God!
suckled and ador'd,
Father, Prince of Peace,
avid, and his Lord!
ernment of earth and seas
ulders shall be laid,
inions shall increase,
to his name be paid.

4. Jesus the holy Child shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The triumph of faith, or Christ's unchange*

Rom. viii. 33, &c.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil
Beheld him rising from the dead!

3. He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4. Shall persecution or distress,
Famine or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5. Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope

6. Not all the men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

XV. *Our own weakness, and Christ our strength,* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

Let me but hear my Saviour say
Strength shall be equal to the day,
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2. I glory in infirmity
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me:
When I am weak then am I strong;
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

3. I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains
While his left hand my head sustains.

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise
We find how great our weakness is.

5. So Sampson when his hair was lost
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna to Christ*, Matth. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2. The root of David here we find
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emanuel's name.

3. Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

4. Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death

2. Joyful with all the strength I have
My quiv'ring lips should sing
'Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
'And where the monster's sting?"
3. If sin be pardon'd I 'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ my ransom dy'd.
4. Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
Thro' Christ our living head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the favour of their names
And soft their sleeping bed.
2. They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumber's are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife
They 're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The song of Simeon, or death made desirable,* Lu
27, &c.

LORD! at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
O make our joys the same!

2. With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd
When fondly to his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3. "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies,
"I 'ave seen thy great salvation Lord!
"And close my peaceful eyes.

4. "This is the light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Israel's glory and their hope
"To break their slavish bands."

[5. Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

6. Then will ye hear my heart-strings break;
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

ritual apparel, namely, the robe of righteousness and garments of salvation, Isa. lxi. 10.

t my heart, arise my tongue,
a tuneful voice;
the life of all my joys
rill I rejoice.
s he adorn'd my naked soul
ıde salvation mine;
poor polluted worm
ies his graces shine.
ıd lest the shadow of a spot
on my soul be found,
k the robe the Saviour wrought
st it all around.
ow far the heav'nly robe exceeds
earthly princes wear!
ornaments how bright they shine!
hite the garments are!
ıe Spirit wrought my faith and love,
ope, and ev'ry grace,
sus spent his life to work
be of righteousness.
rangely my soul art thou array'd
Great Sacred Three!
etest harmony of praise
thy pow'rs agree.

I. *A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men*, Rev. xxi. 1—4.

So what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are past'd away
And the old rolling skies!

2. From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3. Attending angels shout for joy
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

4. "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"Men the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.

5. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye,
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fe
"And death itself, shall die."

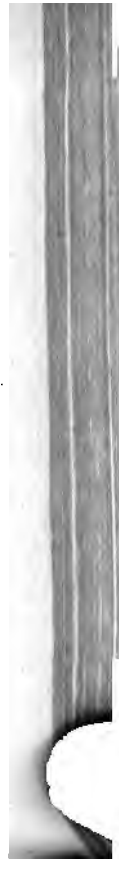
6. How long, dear Saviour! O how lon
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

mer dying, Psal. xlix. 6---9. Eccles. viii. 14, 15.

y mortals toil,
aing dust in vain,
rn the humble poor,
ty hills of gain:
cordials cannot ease
s or aching heads,
e approaching Death
fs and downy beds.
the unwilling soul
ons must obey,
ad farewell
of lifeless clay,
re huddled to the grave
laves have equal thrones,
it distinction lie
of meaner bones.
referred to the 49th Psalm.

ion of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6---9.

ies be gone,
s nor fire my ears,
eternal throne
mb appears.



[2. Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3. Lo! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:
Jesus my Lord prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]

4. All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

[5. The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book to loose the seals."]

6. Our voices join the heav'nly strain
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain
"To be our Teacher and our King!"

7. His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8. Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood,
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

r is the Lord
is not his own,
e ador'd,
Father's throne!

aven by the resurrection of Christ,
Pet. i. 3---5.

lasting God,
ord,
ercy prais'd,

dead he rais'd his Son
e sky
lively hope
ver die.
inbred sins require
dust?
Saviour rose
must.
ritance divine
it day,
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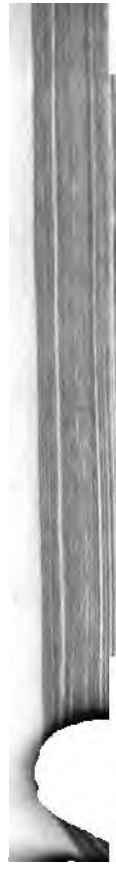
way.
ow'r of God are kept
me;
strangers here
l us home.

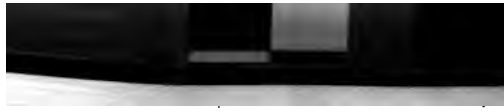


XXVII. *Assurance of heaven, or saints prepared to die.*
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

[Death may dissolve my body now
And bear my spirit home,
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
2. With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
5. Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design,
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.
6. God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;

XXVIII. *The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his church*, Isa. lxiii. 1---3, *&c.*

WHAT mighty man or mighty God
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road
Away from Bozrah's gate?
2. The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king:
" 'Tis I the Just th' Almighty One
" That your salvation bring."
3. Why mighty Lord! thy saints inquire
Why thine apparel 's red,
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?
4. " I by myself have trod the press
" And crush'd my foes alone,
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" My fury stamp'd them down.
5. " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
" With joyful scarlet stains,
" The triumph that my remnant wears
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.
6. " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
" That dare insult my saints,
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."



XXIX. *The second part, or the ruin of Anti*

Isa. 4—7.

" I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
" Where Antichrist has stood;
" The city of my gospel foes
" Shall be a field of blood."

2. " My heart has study'd just revenge,
" And now the day appears,
" The day of my redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their tears.

3. " Quite weary is my patience grown
" And bids my fury go;
" Swift as the lightning it shall move,
" And be as fatal too.

4. " I call for helpers but in vain;
" Then has my gospel none?
" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To crush my foes alone.

5. " Slaughter and my devouring sword
" Shall walk the streets around,
" Babel shall reel beneath my stroke
" And stagger to the ground."

6. Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance answered,* Isa. xxvi. 8--20.

In thine own ways O God of love!
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name
And the remembrance of thy face.

1. My thoughts are searching Lord! for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night,
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3. Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God,
But they shall see thy lifted hand
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4. Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5. Come children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown
And my revenging fury cease.

6. My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI. *referred to the first Psalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Isa xl. 27--31.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea,
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell,
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, X
XXXVIII, *referred to Psal.* cxxxi, cxxxi
lxxiii, xc, *and* lxxxiv.

God's tender care of his church, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

l my inward joys arise
into a song,
ove inspires my heart
ire tunes my tongue.
n his thirsty Sion hill
y drops has thrown,
n oaths have bound his love
salvation down.
do we then indulge our fears
and complaints?
d, and shall his grace
·y of his saints?
kind woman e'er forget
of her womb,
;st a thousand tender thoughts
ng have no room?
," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
thers monsters prove,
I dwells upon the heart
asting love.
p on the palms of both my hands
ngrav'd her name,
ds shall raise her ruin'd walls
ld her broken frame."

XL. *The business and blessedness of glorified saints.* Rev. vii. 13—15, &c.

"WHAT happy men or angels these
"That all their robes are spotless white?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

2. From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb!

3. Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4. No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5. The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6. Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tea

I. The same, or the martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

" These glorious minds how bright they shine!
" Whence all their white array?
" How came they to the happy seats
" Of everlasting day?"

2. From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3. Now they approach a spotless God
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4. The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger fly as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6. The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy, from* Nah. i. 1—3

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire,
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame
And raise his vengeance higher.

2. Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

3. Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4. At his approach the mountains fly
And seek a wat'ry grave,
The frighted sea makes haste away
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

5. Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

6. Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

. Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
iery tempest pour,
ıile we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
y just revenge adore.

XLIII. *referred to the* 100th *Psalm.*

XLIV. *referred to the* 133d *Psalm.*

XLV. *The last judgment,* Rev. xxi. 5--8.

ı where the great incarnate God
ls a majestic throne,
ıile from the skies his awful voice
ırs the last judgment down.
2. "I am the first and I the last,
hro' endless years the same;
AM is my memorial still,
ınd my eternal name.
. "Such favours as a God can give
Ay royal grace bestows;
'e thirsty souls come taste the streams
Vhere life and pleasure flows.]
4. "The saint that triumphs o'er his sins
'll own him for a son;
he whole creation shall reward
he conquests he has won.
. "But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
ınd all the lying race,
he faithless and the scoffing crew,
hat spurn at offer'd grace;

5. Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place,
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6. Then shall our love and joy be full
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

L. *The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist, or light and salvation by Jesus Christ,* Luke i. &c. John i. 29, 34.

Now be the God of Israel blest
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word
And all the oaths he sware.

2. Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies,
He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

3. John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4. He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins,
While grace divine and heavenly love
In its own glory shines.

5. "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away.
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"In his baptizing day.]
6. "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low,
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.
7. "The Heathen realms with Israel's land
"Shall join in sweet accord,
"And all that's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.
8. "Behold the Morning-star arise
"Ye that in darkness sit,
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Persevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.
5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty
And everlasting songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Matth. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

'Twas the commission of the Lord
"Go teach the nations and baptize:"
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
2. He sits upon th' eternal hills
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals
To bless the distant British lands.
3. Repent and be baptiz'd, he saith,
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

6. Our souls he washes in his blood,
s water makes the body clean,
nd the good Spirit from our God
scends like purifying rain.
7. Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
nd seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
may the great Eternal Three
heav'n our solemn vows record.

I. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

OD, who in various methods told
s mind and will to saints of old,
nt his own Son with truth and grace
teach us in these latter days.
1. Our nation reads the written word,
nat book of life that sure record:
e bright inheritance of heav'n
by the sweet conveyance given.
2. God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
le to make us wise and bless'd;
e doctrines are divinely true,
for reproof and comfort too.
3. Ye British Isles who read his love
long epistles from above
e hath not sent his sacred word
ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing grace, or saints beloved in Christ,* Ep

Jesus! we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2. Christ be my first elect he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3. Thus did Eternal Love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4. Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees but chose at once,
A new regenerated race
To praise the glory of his grace.

5. With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart,
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's song, or sickness and recovery,* Isa. x 9, &c.

When we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song,
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2. The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3. Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."

4. We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5. Jehovah speaks the healing word
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6. If half the strings of life should brea
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The song of Moses and the Lamb, or t*
Rev. xv. 3. *and* xvi. 19. *and* xv.

We sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2. Great God! how wondrous are
f vengeance and of grace!
hou King of saints, Almighty L
ow just and true thy ways!
3. Who dares refuse to fear thy
r worship at thy throne!
hy judgments speak thine holi
hro' all the nations known.
4. Great Babylon, that rules
runk with the martyrs' bloo
er crimes shall speedily awa
he fury of our God.
5. The cup of wrath is rea
nd she must drink the dre
trong is the Lord her So
nd shall fulfil the plagu

LVII. *Original sin, or the*
12. *&c.* Psa

ACKWARD with hun
n our original;
ow is our nature d
n our first father's
. To all that 's
ne to all

iv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
aw our breath
ing pulse begins to beat
l death.
rong in our degen'rate blood
uption reigns,
g with the crooked flood
ro' all our veins!]
ind unwholsome as the root
branches be;
hope for living fruit
deadly tree?
iortal pow'r from things unclean
oductions bring?
nmand a vital stream
ected spring?]
ghty God! thy wondrous love
ir nature clean,
t and grace prevail above
, death, and sin.
ond Adam shall restore
the first;
hat sov'reign Pow'r
ates our dust!

LVIII. *The devil vanquished, or Michael's war with the Dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief gen'ral of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2. Against the Dragon all his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3. Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell,
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4. Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

5. 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb!
thine armies trod the tempter down,
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6. Rejoice ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky:
Saints while ye sing the heav'nly war
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies a fair type of Babylon:
Prophets rejoice and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints.
2. He said, and dreadful as he stood
He sunk the milstone in the flood:
Thus terribly shall Babel fall;
Thus and no more be found at all.

LX. *The Virgin Mary's song, or the promised Messiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

Our souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's song
May the same Spirit tune our voice.
[2. The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.
3. Let ev'ry nation call her blest,
And endless years proclaim her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]
4. To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And *the performance* is secure,

5. He spake to Abra'am and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be blest:"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6. But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo the Desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

LXI. *Christ our high Priest and King, and Christ to judgment*, Rev. i. 5—7.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood,
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confest,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4. Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5. The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day
Come Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. *Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the creation*, Rev. v. 11--13.

Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give
Be Lord for ever thine.

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Christ's humiliation and exaltation.*

What equal honours shall we bring
To thee O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2. Worthy is he that once was slain
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3. Pow'r and dominion are his due
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4. All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5. Honour immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6. Blessings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say Amen.

XIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race
To call them sons of God.

2. 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our head.

4. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord, or the day of judgment,* Rev. xi. 15.

Let the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2. Almighty God! thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3. The angry nations fret and roar
That they can slay the saints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4. Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear,
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. *Christ the King at his table,* Sol. Son. iv. 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

Let him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love:
The voice that tells me "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

...n thee th' anointing Spirit came,
... spreads the favour of thy name;
...hat oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3. Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

[4. Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5. Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

[6. While at his table sits the King
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

7. As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me,
And while he makes my soul his guest
My bosom Lord shall be thy rest.

[8. No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare,
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shep*
Song, i. 7.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2. Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest among them sleep.

3. Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

[4. The footsteps of thy flock I see,
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and te

5. His dearest flesh he makes my food
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

XVIII. *The banquet of love*, Sol. Song, ii. 1,

BEHOLD the rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear,

2. Amongst the thorns so lilies shine,
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine,
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3. Beneath his cooling shade I sat
To shield me from the burning heat:
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast
To feed mine eyes and please my taste.

[4. Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5. With living bread and gen'rous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine,
And op'ning his own heart to me
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6. O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

LXIX. *Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company*, Sol. Song, ii. 8--13.

The voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
He leaps he flies to my relief.

ow in the gospel's [illegible]
e shews the beauties of his face.
3. Gently he draws my heart along
oth with his beauties and his tongue:
Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
4. "The Jewish wintry state is gone
"The mists are fled the spring comes on,
"The sacred turtle dove we hear
"Proclaim the new the joyful year.
5. "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
"Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit."
Lo! we are come to taste the wine,
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
6. And when we hear our Jesus say
"Rise up my love, make haste away,"
Our hearts would faln outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

dove, who hidest in the rock
heart almost with sorrow broke,
p thy face, forget thy fear,
:t thy voice delight mine ear.
Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet,
graces in thy count'nance meet;
' the vain world thy face despise
bright and comely in mine eyes."
lear Lord! our thankful heart receives
iope thine invitation gives:
iee our joyful lips shall raise
voice of prayer and of praise.]
. I am my Love's and he is mine,
hearts, our hopes; our passions join;
: let a motion, nor a word,
r thought, arise to grieve my Lord.
i. My soul to pastures fair he leads
nongst the lilies where he feeds;
nongst the saints (whose robes are white
ash'd in his blood) is his delight.
'. Till the day break and shadows flee,
ll the sweet dawning light I see,
iine eyes to me-ward often turn,
r let my soul in darkness mourn.
3. Be like a hart on mountains green,
ap o'er the hills of fear and sin,
ır guilt nor unbelief divide
y Love my Saviour from my side.]

XXI. *Christ found in the street and brought to the*
Sol. Song, iii. 1--5.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft' but find him not.

2. Then I arise and search the street
Till I my Lord my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

3. Sometimes I find him in my way
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[4. I bring him to my mother's home,
... does my Lord refuse to come
... chambers where
... heart,

LXXII. *The coronation of Christ and esp. church,* Sol. Song, iii. 2.

DAUGHTERS of Sion come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2. Jesus, thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3. Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals Lord to thee,
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5. Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6. O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

XIII. *The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ*, Sol. Song, iv. 1, 12, 14, 7, 9, 8.

D is the speech of Christ our Lord,
:tion sounds in ev'ry words
l thou art fair my love!" he cries;
ot the young doves have sweeter eyes.
. "Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
lutes mine ear with secret joys;
) spice so much delights the smell,
or milk nor honey taste so well.]
"Thou art all fair my bride to me,
vill behold no spot in thee."
.t mighty wonders love performs
put a comeliness on worms!
Defil'd and loathsome as we are
makes us white and calls us fair,
ns us with that heav'nly dress,
:races and his righteousness.
"My sister and my spouse," he cries,
und to my heart by various ties,
y pow'rful love my heart detains
strong delight and pleasing chains."
He calls me from the leopard's den,
this wild world of beasts and men,
on where his glories are;

7. Nor dens of prey nor flow'ry plains,]
Nor earthly joys nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet or force my stay
When Christ invites my soul away.

LXXIV. *The church the garden of Christ*, Sol. Song, iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

We are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
2. Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all his springs in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.
3. Awake, O heav'nly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
4. Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God,
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
[5. Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast.
"I come my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

ır Lord into his garden comes,
leas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
lls us to a feast divine,
r than honey, milk, or wine.
Eat of the tree of life my friends;
blessings that my Father sends:
taste shall all my dainties prove,
drink abundance of my love."
us, we all frequent thy board,
g the bounties of our Lord;
rich food on which we live
ds more praise than tongues can give.]

. *The description of Christ the Beloved,* Sol. Song, v. 9—12, 14—16.

ond'ring world inquires to know
should love my Jesus so;
t are his charms," say they, "above
bjects of a mortal love?"
s, my Beloved to my sight
sweet mixture red and white:
ian beauties, all divine,
eloved meet and shine.
nite is his soul, from blemish free,
h the blood he shed for me,

[4. His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
5. Compassions in his heart are found
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge the piercing spear.]
[6. His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled, for me.
7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
[8. His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]
9. His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
10. All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Christ dwells in heaven,* but v...
Sol. Song, vi. 1--3, 12.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2. My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown,
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3. In vineyards planted by his hand
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4. He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
...nsion in his heart,
...e us part.]

LXXVII. *The love of Christ to the church in his language to her and provisions for her,* Sol. Song, vii. 5, 6, 7, 12, 13.

Now in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love how pleasant for delight!"

2. Kind is thy language sov'reign Lord,
There 's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

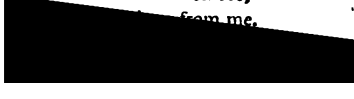
3. Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4. These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5. In Paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

*The strength of Christ's love and the soul's jea-
er own*, Sol. Song, viii. 5--7, 13, 14.

ıis fair one in distress
, from the wilderness,
with sorrows and with sins
ɔved Lord she leans?
; the spouse of Christ our God,
th the treasures of his blood,
:quest and her complaint
voice of ev'ry saint.]
et my name engraven stand
n thy heart and on thy hand,
ıe upon thine arm, and wear
ɔledge of love for ever there.
ronger than death thy love is known,
ı floods of wrath could never drown,
ell and earth in vain combine
ench a fire so much divine.
ut I am jealous of my heart
: should once from thee depart,
let thy name be well imprest
air signet on my breast.
ill thou hast brought me to thy home,
: fears and doubts can never come,
ount'nance let me often see,
[redacted]



7. "Come my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay,
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where spices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning Hymn*, Psal. xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies;

2. From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3. Oh! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4. But I shall rove and lose the race
If God my sun shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5. Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes,
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6. Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An evening Hymn*, Psal. iv. 8. *and* iii. 5. cxliii. 8.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep,
... the pillow for my head,
... ointed angels keep
... round my bed
... hell

6. Thus when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

LXXXI. *A Song for morning or evening*, Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

LXXXII. *God far above creatures, or man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17--21.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2. Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3. But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight,
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5. Almighty Pow'r! to thee we bow,
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under Provide*
6--8.

Nor from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance,
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!

2. As sparks break out from burning coal
And still are upward borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3. Yet with my God I leave my cause
And trust his promis'd grace,
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4. Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteousness, and strength.* Isa. xlv. 21--25.

JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his names.

2. "I am the last and I the first,
"The Saviour God, and God the just,
"There 's none beside pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

[3. "Ye that in shades of darkness dwe
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hand

4. "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return,
"To me shall all things bend the knee
"And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]

5. "In me alone shall men confess
"Lies all their strength and righteousness;
"But such as dare despise my name
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
6. "In me the Lord shall all the seed
"Of Israel from their sins be freed,
"And by their shining graces prove
"And by their shining graces prove
"Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The same.*

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne,
"Mercy and Justice are the names
"By which I will be known.
2. "Ye dying souls that sit
"In darkness and distress
"Look from the borders of the pit
"To my recov'ring grace."
3. Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own
"Our righteousness and strength is found
"In thee the Lord alone."
4. In thee shall Israel trust
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just
And take the saints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God holy, just, and sovereign,* Job ix. 2--23.

How should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.

2. To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence:
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3. Strong in his arm, his heart is wise:
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

[4. Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn,
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all their pillars mourn.

5. He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies
And seals up all the stars.

6. He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and pe...*
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS saith the high and lofty One
" I sit upon my holy throne;
" My name is God, I dwell on high,
" Dwell in my own eternity.
2. " But I descend to worlds below,
" On earth I have a mansion too;
" The humble spirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.
3. " I bid the mourning sinner live,
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And ease the sorrows of the mind.
[4. " When I contend against their sin
" I make them know how vile they 'ave
" But should my breath for ever smoke
" Their souls would sink beneath my s
" thy pard'ning grace be nig
despair, and die
hts appro

[2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust,
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5. Then what my thoughts design to do
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and judgment*, Eccles. xi. 9.

Ye sons of Adam vain and young,
Indulge your eyes indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,

e pleasures you design,
ır hearts with songs and wine;
' of mirth, but know
y of judgment too.
n on high beholds your thoughts,
ords your secret faults;
if darkness you have done
pear before the sun.
ngeance to your follies due
ke your hearts with terror thro':
ye stand before his face,
for his injur'd grace?
ghty God! turn off their eyes
se alluring vanities,
he thunder of thy word
heir souls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The same.*

he young tribes of Adam rise,
ıro' all nature rove,
the wishes of their eyes,
aste the joys they love.
They give a loose to wild desires,
et the sinners know
strict account that God requires
ll the works they do.

3. The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye
And fly before his face.
4. How shall I bear that dreadful day
And stand the fiery test!
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

XCI. *Advice to youth, or old age and death in an unconverted state,* Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv. 20.

Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say "My joys are gone."
2. Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead
With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King! I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And when my soul must hence remove
Give me a mansion in thy love.

XCII. *Christ the wisdom of God,* Prov. viii.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's Eternal Word
Deserves it no regard?

2. "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.

[3. "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he adorn'd the skies,
"And built them, I was there
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry star.

5. "When he pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6. "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansion where
"The sons of men should dwell.

1. "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
" Ere sin was born or Adam's dust
" Was fashion'd to a man.
8. " Then come, receive my grace
" Ye children, and be wise;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" The man that shuns them dies."

XCIII. *Christ or Wisdom obeyed or resisted*, Prov. viii. 34--36.

Thus saith the Wisdom of the Lord
" Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.
2. " The soul that seeks me shall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life and the favour of the Lord.
3. " But the vile wretch that flies from me
" Doth his own soul an injury;
" Fools that against my grace rebel
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Justification by faith and by works, or the law condemns, grace justifies*, Rom. iii. 19--22.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built,

ture all unclean,
ons guilt.
Gentile stop their mouths
'ring word,
ace of Adam stand
e Lord.
ask God's righteous law
ow,
ace and to condemn
an do.
w glorious is thy grace
name we trust!
ives a righteousness
the sinner just.

Regeneration, John i. 13. *and* iii. 3, &c.

e outward forms on earth,
iat God has giv'n,
f man nor blood nor birth,
a soul to heav'n.
ov'reign will of God alone
heirs of grace,
he image of his Son,
eculiar race.
Spirit like some heav'nly wind
the heav'nly flesh,
[redacted] carnal mind,

4. Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death,
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boasting.* 1 Cor. i. 26--31.

But few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes
Almighty King of grace.

2. He takes the men of meanest mind
For sons and heirs of God,
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3. He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace
To bring aspiring wisdom low
And all its pride abase.

4. Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne,
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

Bury'd in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light
Wisdom descends to heal the blind
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears,
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our righteousness!"

3. Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5. Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves O Lord to thee.

XCVIII. *The same.*

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n,
But in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
4. The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain,
He sets the sons of bondage free
And breaks the cursed chain.
5. Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

XCIX. *Stones made children of Abraham, or grace not conveyed by religious parents,* Matth. iii. 9.

VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race
(Their fathers now with God.)
2. He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.
3. Such wondrous pow'r doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be saved*, John iii. 16–18.

Nor to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2. Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3. Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live,
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4. But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise
The hottest hell shall be their place.

...aven for a repenting sinner, Lu...
...joys that rise

3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The beatitudes*, Matth. v. 2--12

[Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty,
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[2. Bless'd are the men of broken heart
Who mourn for sin with inward smart,
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[3. Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war,
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

[4. Bless'd are the souls that thirst for gr
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

[5. Bless'd are the men whose bowels mc
And melt with sympathy and love,
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

is'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
defiling pow'rs of sin,
less pleasure they shall see
spotless purity.]
s'd are the men of peaceful life
ich the coals of growing strife,
l be call'd the heirs of bliss,
)f God, the God of peace.]
;'d are the suff'rers who partake
d shame for Jesus' sake,
; shall triumph in the Lord,
joy are their reward.]

Not ashamed of the gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

iam'd to own my Lord,
d his cause,
ie honour of his word,
f his cross.
ay God! I know his name,
; all my trust,
put my soul to shame
hope be lost.
; his throne his promise stands,
well secure
: committed to his hands
sive hour.

4. Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

CIV. *A state of nature and grace.* 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

Nor the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2. Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3. But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We 're pardon'd thro' his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4. O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy.* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

Nor eye hath seen nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace,
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4. Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to sin by the cross of Christ, Rom*

Shall we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again
And open all his wounds?

2. Forbid it mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we whose sins are crucify'd
Should raise them from the dead.

3. We will be slaves no more
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross
And bought our liberty.

XVII. *The fall and recovery of man, or Christ and Satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

Deceiv'd by subtile snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When Satan in the Serpent hid
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
2. Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
3. But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
4. "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
'He shall destroy what thou hast done,
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel."
[5. He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.]

. Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
t as he hung 'twixt earth and skies
gave their prince a fatal blow,
nd triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Christ unseen and beloved*, 1 Pet. 1. 8.

Nor with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2. On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord! our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we taste thy love
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of Christ and his righteousness*, Phi
7—9,

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
... his cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate glory*, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5--8.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
Then O my soul with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
3. 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earnest of the place
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word
But while the body is our home
We 're absent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh
And present Lord with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by grace*, Titus iii. 3–7.

[Lord! we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts
And all our lives were sin.

2. But O my soul for ever praise,
For ever love, his name
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

[3. 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.]

4. 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin,
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5. 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

4. Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of sin by the law,* Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

LORD! how secure my conscience was
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law
And thought my sins were dead.

2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light
I find how vile I am.

[3. My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4. Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5. I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the pow'r of sin,
I cannot do the good I would,

6. My God! I cry with ev'ry breath
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death
And thus redeem the slave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour,* Matth. xxii. 3

THUS saith the first the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With utmost vigour and delight.

2. "Then shall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affections and esteem,
"And let thy kindness to thyself
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3. This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law 's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord! fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election sovereign and free,* Rom. ix. 21.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please:
Such is our God, and such are we
The subjects of his high decrees.

6. Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justify'd by grace
We shall appear in glory too
And see our Father's face.

CXII. *The brazen serpent, or looking to Jesus,* John iii. 14--16.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease
The camp forbore to die.

2. "Look upward in the dying hour
"And live," the prophet cries,
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3. High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High on the heav'ns he reigns,
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
Look and forget their pains.

4. Then God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles,* Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

How large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!

"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2. The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure,
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers giv'n,
He takes young children to his arms
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The same*, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES! by nature we belong
To the wild olive wood,
Grace took us from the barren tree
And grafts us in the good.

2. With the same blessings grace bestows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root
Such are the branches too.

3. Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

2. Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass what part to chuse,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?
3. May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Chuse some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
[4. What if to make his terror known
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure?
5. What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And forms them fit for heav'nly joys?]
6. Shall man reply against the Lord
And call his maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
7. But O my soul! if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
8. Then shall he make his justice known
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

CXVIII. *Moses and Christ, or sin against the gospel,* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2. Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3. Then to the new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4. The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5. But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls
And dare resist his grace.

CXIX. *The different success of the gospel,* 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2. But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word,
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3. The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4. Till God diffuse his graces down
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground
And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unseen,* Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2. It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3. By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4. He sought a city fair and high
Built by th' eternal hands,
And faith assures us tho' we die
That heav'nly building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise infant baptism.)

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord
"I'll be a God to thee,
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2. Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace
And gave his sons to God,
But water seals the blessing now
That once was seal'd with blood.

3. Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house
When she receiv'd the word,
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4. Thus latter saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace,
To thee their infant offspring bring
And humbly claim the grace.

CXXII. *Believers bury'd with Christ in baptism,* Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

Do we not know that solemn word
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3. No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal,* Luke xv. 13, &c.

Behold the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share amongst the swine
To taste the husks they eat!

2. "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands,
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3. "I 'll go and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father I 've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

4. He said, and hasten'd to his home
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5. He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6. "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7. "A day of feasting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound,
"My son was dead and lives again,
"Was lost and now is found."

CXXIV. *The first and second Adam*, Rom. v. 12, &c.

Deep in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2. Adam the sinner, at his fall
Death like a conqu'ror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

it whilst our spirits fill'd with awe
the terrors of the law,
g the honours of thy grace
ent to save our ruin'd race.
'e sing thine everlasting Son
oin'd our nature to his own,
the second from the dust
the ruins of the first.
By the rebellion of one man
all his seed the mischief ran,
y one man's obedience now
l his seed made righteous too.
'here sin did reign and death abound
have the sons of Adam found
ding life; there glorious grace
thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

V. Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted, Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

h joy we meditate the grace
High Priest above,
art is made of tenderness,
wels melt with love.
ouch'd with a sympathy within,
ows our feeble frame,
ows what sore temptations mean,
has felt the same.

3. But spotless, innocent, and pu
The great Rede mer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore
And did resist to blood.
4. He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
[5. He'll never quench the smokin
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
6. Then let our humble faith ad
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharital*

1 Cor. x.

Nor diff'rent food or diff'r
Compose the kingdoms of o
But peace, and joy, and rig
Faith and obedience to his
2. When weaker Christi
We do the gospel mighty
For God the gracious an
the feeble with

3. Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practise give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Christ's invitation to sinners, or humility and pride*, Matth. xi. 28--30.

"COME hither all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners come,
" I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.
2. " They shall find rest that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
3. " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."
4. Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII. *The apostles' commission, or the gospel at by miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matth. xxviii. &c.

"Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
" He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
" He shall be damn'd that will believe."

[2. " I 'll make your great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my gospel true
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye shall do.

3. " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go cast out devils in my name,
" Nor let my prophets be afraid
" Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.]

4. " Teach all the nations my commands,
" I 'm with you till the world shall end;
" All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
" I can destroy and I defend."

5. He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

CXXIX. *Submission and deliverance, or Abraham offering his son,* Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

SAINTS at your Father's heavenly word
Give up your comforts to the Lord,
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2. So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3. "Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
"Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4. Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

CXXX. *Love and hatred,* Phil. ii. 2, Eph. iv. 3[illegible], &c.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2. Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3. The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4. Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run,
So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

CXXXI. *The Pharisee and Publican*, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

Behold how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2. This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3. The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4. Dear Father! let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holiness and grace.* Tit. ii. 10—13.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within
And grace subdues the [illegible]

3. Our flesh and [illegible] mortifying,
Passion and envy, lust and [illegible]
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion [illegible] spirits [illegible]
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the [illegible]
And faith stands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and [illegible].* Cor. xiii. 1—7, 13.

Let Pharisees of high [illegible]
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

2. Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present inj'ry die
And long forgets the past.

[3. Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue,
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endure the wrong.]

[4. She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5. She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good,
So God's own Son came down to die
And bought our lives with blood.

6. Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without love,* 1 Cor. xiii. 1–3.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a marty'rs glorious name,
4. If love to God and love to men
Be absent all my hopes are vain,
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

Come, dearest Lord! descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast,
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be exprest.
2. Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasureable grace.
3. Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church thro' Christ his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocrisy, or formality i*
John iv. 24. Psal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

GOD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind,
In vain to heav'n we lift our eyes
And leave our souls behind.

2. Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrite are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3. Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground,
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4. Lord! search my thoughts and try my v
And make my soul sincere,
Then shall I stand before thy face
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Christ in grace,* a Tit

NOW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2. Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts

'as his own purpose that begun
ie rebels doom'd to die;
us grace in Christ his Son
e spread the starry sky.
is the Lord appears at last
tes his Father's counsels known,
the great transactions past,
gs immortal blessings down.
lies, and in that dreadful night
he pow'rs of hell destroy;
e brought our heav'n to light,
t possession of the joy.

VIII. *Saints in the hands of Christ*, John x. 28, 29.

i the earth thy gospel stands
l, my hope, my trust!
ound in Jesus' hands
can ne'er be lost.
honour is engag'd to save
nest of his sheep;
his heav'nly Father gave
s securely keep.
death nor hell shall e'er remove
ites from his breast;
ar bosom of his love
ist for ever rest.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the covenant, or God's promi[illegible] truth unchangeable,* Heb. vi. 17—19.

How oft' have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee my God?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2. The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3. Amidst temptations sharp and long
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4. The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead faith, collected from [illegible] scriptures.*

Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

[5. Faith must obey her Father's will
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is just as still
For his own holiness.

6. When from the curse he sets us free
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7. His Spirit purifies our frame
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

CXLI. *The humiliation and [illegible] of Christ*, Isa. liii.

Who has believed thy word
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord
And glorify thy Son.

2. The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were
And his companion grief.

3. They turn'd their eyes away
And treated him with scorn,
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4. 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5. "But I'll prolong his days
"And make his kingdom stand,
"My pleasure (saith the God of grace)
"Shall prosper in his hand.

[6. "His joyful soul shall see
"The purchase of his pain,
"And by his knowledge justify
"The guilty sons of men.]

[7. "Then thousand captive slaves
"Releas'd from death and sin
"Shall quit their prisons and their grave
"And own his pow'r divine.]

[8. "Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd,
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins and dy'd."]

CXLII. Tune, Isa. liii. 6—9, 12.

Like sheep we went astray
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4. His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death
And made as vile as they.

5. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

6. "I'll give him (saith the Lord)
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward
"And hold his honours long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of God from the scriptures.*

So new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

[2. With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word ordains,
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

[3. Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They cann't forget their heav'nly birth
Nor grovel in the dust.

4. Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice,
Faith like a conqu'ror can produce
A thousand victories.]

[5. Grace like an uncorrupted seed
Abides and reigns within,
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

[6. Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7. They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the vail,
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r
And joys that never fail.

8. O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat
And see his lovely face!

9. Lord! I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10. There shed thy choicest loves abroad
And make my comforts strong,
Then shall I say, "My Father God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The witnessing and sealing Spirit,* Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2. Dost thou not dwell in all the saints
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4. Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come.
And thy soft wings, [illegible],
Will safe convey me home.

CXLV. *Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. [illegible]*

Jesus! in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories [illegible]
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The son of Aaron [illegible].

2. They first their own burnt off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin,
Thy life was pure without a spot
And all thy nature clean.

[3. Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt,
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

[4. Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

[5. Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
6. But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.]
7. Jesus the King of glory reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his Priesthood still.
8. He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him my soul thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.*

Go worship at Emanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace:
[1. The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord.
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4. Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous Branch that fruitful bough
Is David's root and offspring too.]

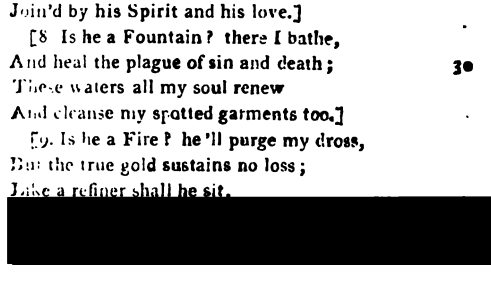
[5. Is he a Rose? not Sharon yields
Such fragrance in all her fields,
Or if the Lily he assume
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

[6. Is he a Vine? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!]

[7. Is he the Head? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
The saints below and saints above
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

[8 Is he a Fountain? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[9. Is he a Fire? he 'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,



[10. Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet stream that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

[11. Is he a Way? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

[12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in,
Behold the pastures large and green,
A Paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13. Is he design'd a Corner-stone
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r,
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray I turn my face.]

[15. Is he a Star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the morning star.]

[16. Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

17. O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God!
18. Nor earth, nor seas, nor stars, nor sun,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never learn
Till we behold him face to face.

CXLVII. *The names and titles of Christ from several scriptures.*

[T is from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
2. Bright image of the Father's face
Shining with undiminish'd rays,
Th' Eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]
3. The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh,
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
4. Where grace can neither melt nor move
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,

5. But when for works of peace he comes
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the World, and Life of Men,
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6. With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part,
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7. At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The same as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2. In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays;

Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3. The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4. Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5. But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the World,
And Life of Men!
Or will he bear

6. Immense compassion reigns
In our Emanuel's heart
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend
And brother too
Divinely kind
Divinely true.

7. At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends;
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heighths and depths
Of all his love.

CXLIX. *The offices of Christ from several scriptures.*

Join all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Emanuel's glory forth.

2. But O, what [illegible] ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder are
What forms of love he bears to me.

[3. The Angel of the covenant stands
With his commission in his hands;

Watts.]

Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.]
[4. Great Prophet! let me bless thy name,
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]
[5. My bright Example and my Guide
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]
[6. I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
[7. My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
[8. Jesus, my great High Priest,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne
[9. My advocate appears on high
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart aw
[10. My Lord, my Conqu'ror,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sin
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
aptain of Salvation leads:
i on, nor fear to win the day
Death and Hell obstruct the way.]
Should Death, and Hell, and pow'rs unknown,
l their forms of mischief on,
! be safe, for Christ displays
ion in more sov'reign ways.

CL. *The same as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

all the glorious names
isdom, Love, and Pow'r,
ever mortals knew,
angels ever bore,
e too mean
eak his worth,
nean to set
aviour forth.
But O what gentle terms,
t condescending ways,
our Redeemer use
ach his heav'nly grace!
eyes with joy
wonder see
t forms of love
ears for me.

[3. Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

[4. Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And peace with Heav'n.]

[5. Be thou my Counsellor,
My Patron and my Guide,
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek
The crooked way!]

[6. I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among

He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]
[7. To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]
[8. Jesus, my great High Priest!
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]
[9. My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say
Shall turn his heart
His love away.]

lmighty Lord,
nd my King!
d thy sword,
grace I sing.
pow'r;

bonds
hy feet.
ow let my soul arise
ad the tempter down,
ptain leads me forth
nquest and a crown.
ble saint
ll win the day
o' Death and Hell
estruct the way.]
12. Should all the hosts of Death
And pow'rs of Hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

END OF VOLUME T

Printed by G. Cawthorn, Strand.

LLS EDITION
NS of GREAT BRITAIN
MPLETE FROM
CER to CHURCHILL,
VOL. IV.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a grac fu ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense!---We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll d,
What 'tis employs the blessed, what makes their bliss;
Sons such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

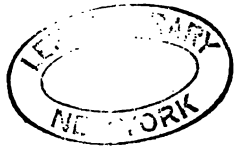
Say, reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young hard that dares attempt thy praise.----
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Where just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Adoration thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,
[illegible] GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;
[illegible]OKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.


NEW YORK

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Hail, heav'n born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.---With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget PHILOMELA.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,
BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;
BOOKSELLER & PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

I. *A Song in praise to God from Great Britain.*

Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King,
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
[2. Begin to make his glories known
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne,
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]
[3. All mortal things of meaner frame
Exert your force and own his name,
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]
[4. To him be sacred all we have
From the young cradle to the grave,
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5. This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
6. He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our danger to the wind.]
7. Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
[8. Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name,
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
9. Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain! pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
10. Yet mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II. *The death of a sinner.*

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2. Ling'ring about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3. Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4. There endless crowds of sinners lie
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

III. *The death and burial of a saint.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

IV. *Salvation in the cross.*

HERE at thy cross my dying God
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart shall lie,
Resolv'd (for that 's my last defence)
If I must perish there to die.

4. But speak my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5. Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2. When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side,

y passions rise and soar
ving'd with faith and fir'd with love,
would I reach eternal things,
learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
. But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
r want of their immortal strains,
nd in such humble notes as these
lust fall below thy victories.
5. Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

VI. *A morning Song.*

Once more, my soul! the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more my voice thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise,
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

[4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6. Dear God! let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

VII. *An evening Song.*

[DREAD Sov'reign! let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise,
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are thy follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll!

5. Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God
Or on my Saviour's breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for a morning or evening.*

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2. That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3. The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room,
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4. The rising morning cann't assure
That we shall end the day,
For Death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.
5. Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace immortal King
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
6. God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings,
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus! thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious suff'rer stood!
3. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross a pears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord! I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

My soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2. No longer will I ask your love
Nor seek your friendship more,
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3. There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire,
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire,

[4. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5. Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own all sufficient there
To make our bliss complete.]

6. Had I the pinions of a dove
I 'd climb the heav'nly road,
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

XI. *The same.*

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2. Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song
Your streams had ev'n convey'd me there.

3. Lord! I adore thy matchless grace
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
retch my hands and glance mine eyes,
or the pinions of a dove
o bear me to the upper skies!
5. There from the bosom of my God
ceans of endless pleasures roll,
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

XII. *Christ is the substance of the Levitical priest!*

The true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
2. No smoking sweets nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
3. Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
4. He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below
And prays for us above.

5. " Father," he cries, " forgive their sins,
" For I myself have dy'd,"
And then he shews his open'd veins
And pleads his wounded side.

XIII. *The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration, of this world.*

SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame,
Let half the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2. He form'd the seas and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time, with all her wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3. Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres,
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4. Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5. Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There 's a new heav'n and earth for you.

9. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long an everlasting day.

10. Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light,
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

[11. There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then dear Lord bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12. Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

XVII. *God's eternity.*

Rise, rise my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' Eternal God.

2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd or angels made
The Maker liv'd alone.

XVIII. *The ministry of angels.*

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stands waiting round his awful feet.

2. "Go," saith the Lord," "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb,*
"Make haste ye cherubs down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."†

* Luke i. 20. † Luke ii. 13.

squadron leaves the skies
Elisha stands,*
soldier flies
chains from Peter's hands. †
ed troops, O God of hosts!
wand'ring church below,
sailing to thy coasts,
be our convoy too.
they not all thy servants Lord?
ommand they go and come,
heerful haste obey thy word.
uard thy children to their home. ‡

XIX. *Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.*

ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
But we 'll confess O Lord to thee
What feeble things we are.

2. Fresh as the grass our bodies stand
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land
And fades the grass away.

3. Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

* Kings vi. 17. † Acts xii. 7.

at rear'd us from the dust.

[5. He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose,
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6. While we have breath or use our tongues
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backslidings and returns, or the inconstancy of our love.*

Why is my heart so far from thee
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

[2. Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3. When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4. But ere some fleeting hour is past
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste
And to pollute my joys.

[5. Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thurst me from thy arms.]

6. Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

[7. Since promis'd joys are turn'd to pain
And I am drown'd in grief,
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief;

8. Seizing my soul with sweet surprise
He draws with loving hands,
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[9. Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[10. Make haste my days to reach the go
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God my Saviour's breast.]

XXI. *A song of praise to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove,
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2. Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3. How Justice frown'd and Vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4. Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible majesty.*

TERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2. This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor thro',
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3. This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
" With endless burnings who can dwell,
" Or bear the fury of a God ?"

4. Tremble ye sinners and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5. And ye bless'd saints that love him too
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The sight of God and Christ in heav*

DESCEND from heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3. O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!

4. Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones, and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5. O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6. When shall the day dear Lord appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face and sing and love?

XXIV. *The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.*

When the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2. High in the midst of all the throng
Satan a tall archangel sat,
Amongst the morning-stars he sung *
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[3. 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
"Son of the morning †, from the skies!"]

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isa. xiv. 12.

4. And thus our two first parents stood,
Till defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

[5. So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

6. Tremble my soul! and mourn for grief
That such a foe should seize thy breast,
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh may he slay this treach'rous guest!

7. Then to thy throne victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2. The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
How negligent we live!

3. We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their counsels move,
We for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above!

4. We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5. Lord! shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come holy Dove from th' heav'nly hill,
And fit and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We 'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God invisible.*

LORD! we are blind, we mortals blind,
We cann't behold thy bright abode,
O 't is beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2. Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

The Lord of glory builds his seat
ms insufferably bright,
l lays beneath his sacred feet
ostantial beams of gloomy night.
4. Yet glorious Lord! thy gracious eyes
look thro' and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him all his angels, Psal. cxlviii. 2.*

God! the eternal awful name
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.
2. Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But O ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face.
3. 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
4. Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5. Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

[6. Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

[7. What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!].

[8. Shout to your King you heav'nly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9. Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear,
And while you sound his lofty praise
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death,
Think how a gasping mortal lies

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2. His quivering lips hangs [illegible]
His pulses faint and few,
Then speechless with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3. But oh! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts triumphant there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5. And must my body faint and die
And must this soul remove?
Oh for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6. Jesus! to thy dear faithful ha
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy comm
To drop into my dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by*

Jesus! with all thy saints a
My tongue would bear her
Would sound aloud thy sav
And sing thy bleeding hea

Bless'd be the Lamb my dearest Lord,
bought me with his blood,
quench'd his Father's flaming sword
own vital flood.
The Lamb that freed my captive soul
Satan's heavy chains,
ent the lion down to howl
re hell and horror reigns.
All glory to the dying Lamb
never-ceasing praise,
e angels live to know his name,
ints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

ME we that love the Lord
et our joys be known,
n a song with sweet accord,
hus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
nish'd from the place
ion never was design'd
ake our pleasures less.
Let those refuse to sing
never knew our God,
av'rites of the heav'nly King,
speak their joys abroad.

[4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,]

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6. There shall we see his face
And never never sin,
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create

[8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

[9. The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10. Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Christ's presence makes death easy.*

'HY should we start and fear to die?
hat tim'rous worms we mortals are!
ath is the gate of endless joy,
d yet we dread to enter there.
. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
ght our approaching souls away,
ll we shrink back again to life,
nd of our prison and our clay.
. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
soul! s'e 'd stretch her wings in haste,
fearless thro' Death's iron gate,
r feel the terrors as she past.
. Jesus can make a dying bed
el soft as downy pillows are,
hile on his breast I lean my head,
d breathe my life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

ow short and hasty is our life!
w vast our souls' affairs!
t senseless mortals vainly strive
lavish out their years.
. Our days run thoughtlessly along
i:hout a moment's stay;
it like a story or a song
e pass our lives away.

3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb
Stoop downwards as we run.

4. How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

5. Draw us O God with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The blessed society in heaven.*

RAISE thee my soul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say there 's nought below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

[2. Thus will we mount on sacred wings
And tread the courts above,
Nor earth nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3. There on a high majestic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down

a sun the Saviour sits
rnal noon;
re nor gloomy nights
ble moon.
)se ever-shining skies
ed Dove,
sin and sorrow flies
alms of love.
)us tenants of the place
round the throne,
seraphs sing and praise
hree-One.
hat beams of heav'nly grace
n all the while!
smiles from Jesus' face,
'ry smile!]
id when shall that dear day,
ur, appear
leave this house of clay
ngst 'em there?

eathing after the holy Spirit, or, *Fervency of ed.*

Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
quick'ning pow'rs,
ie of sacred love
hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for creation and redem*

Let them neglect thy glory Lord
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2. We raise our shouts O God to thee
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we 'll adore his name)
At form'd us by a word,
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4. Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI. *Christ's intercession.*

WELL, the Redeemer 's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath, comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood
The Saviour shows his own.

3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing;
Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

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eav'nly seat
s:
e sits,
nd prays.
l he dy'd for th
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on the tree,
d.
nd praise may
'rings bring,
s own sacrifice
the King.

Papists trust what names they please,
:s and angels boast,
o such advocates as these,
o th' heav'nly host.]
alone shall bear my cries
Father's throne;
it Lord) perfumes my sighs
ens ev'ry groan.
thousand praises to the King,
n the highest;
and thanks our spirits bring
id to his Christ.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

ie heart where graces reign,
'e inspires the breast;
: brightest of the train,
gthens all the rest.
/ledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
vain our fear;
orn sins will fight and reign
ibsent there.
love that makes our cheerful feet
iedience move;
know and tremble too,
cannot love.

4. This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5. Before we quite forsake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The shortness and misery of life*

Our days alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few" * the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2. 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That Heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3. Well, if ye must be sad and few
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin and months of woe
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4. Let heav'nly love prepare my soul
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll
And glory never dies.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

XL. *Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.*

Our God! how firm his promise stands
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2. Then why my soul these sad complaints
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3. Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possest;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. *A sight of God mortifies us to the world.*

Up to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ!
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st
On thy kind wings celestial Dove!

3. O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

4. Had I a glimpse of thee, my God
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5. Then they might fight, and rage, and roar,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6. Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

My God! what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below how amiable!
Where all thy graces stand.

2. The swallow near thy temple lies
And chirps a cheerful note,
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy skies
And tunes her warbling throat.

3. And we when in thy presence Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues,
Or siting round our Father's board
We crown the feast with songs.

4. While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace
We sing and mount on high.
But if a frown becloud his face
We faint, and tire, and die.

[5. Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the grove
And mourns her loving mate.

6. Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.]

XLIII. *Christ's sufferings and glory.*

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake my voice in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

[3. Down to this base this sinful earth
He came to raise our nature high,
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.]

[4. Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5. Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6. Lift up your eyes ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7. Among a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell, or the vengeance of God*

With holy fear and humble song
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2. Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[3. Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

4. There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5. There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6. Tremble my soul and kiss the Son;
Sinner obey thy Saviour's call,
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. *God's condescension to our worship.*

THY favours Lord surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2. Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs,
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to harken to our tongues.

3. Great God! what poor returns we pa
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

XLVI *God's condescension to human*

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2. He that can shake the worlds he ma
Or with his word or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

[3. God that must stoop to view the ski
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he cast his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

4. He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5. Our sorrows and our tears we pour
nto the bosom of our God;
le hears us in the mournful hour,
nd helps us bear the heavy load.
6. In vain might lofty princes try
uch condescension to perform,
or worms were never rais'd so high
bove their meanest fellow-worm.
7. Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
tribute equal to thy grace!
'o the third heav'n our songs should rise,
nd teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

Now to the Lord a noble song,
wake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
nd all his boundless love proclaim.
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
'roclaim the wise and pow'rful God,
nd thy rich glories from afar
parkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

6. Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

How vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2. The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3. Our dearest joys and nearest frends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds
And leave but half for God!

4. The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it stri' es the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5. Dear Saviour; let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. *Moses dying in the embraces of God.*

Death cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there,
We may walk thro' the darkest shade
And never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3. Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop
And pray for the command.

4. Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

L. *Comforts under sorrow and faint.*

Now let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2. But oh! it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown,
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3. Yet why my soul! why these complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move,
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impressed
Than in the bright records of fame.

5. When the last fire burns all things here
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' Eternal Father's hand.

6. Now shall my minutes smoothly run
Whilst here I wait my Father's will,
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

[2. Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word,
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

[3. Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand,
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4. A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

5. Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus! array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6. Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd,
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
But guilt a heavy chain
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn ye heirs of hell
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you
And flashes in your face;
And thou my soul! look downwards too
And sing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of sov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above
Where happy spirits be.

6. Prepare me Lord! for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come death, and some celestial hand,
To bear my soul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the saints, or earth and heaven.*

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2. But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.

3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land,
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[4. Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

[5. A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam,
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

[6. Long nights and darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray,
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

[7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.]

8. Our journey is a thorny maze
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

[9. See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10. There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11. No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12. Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely thro'
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

LIV. *God's presence is light in darkness.*

My God the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkest shades if he appear
My dawning is begun,
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers "I am his."

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror thro.'

LV. *Frail life and succeeding eternity.*

THEE we adore Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

[2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase,
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3. The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'lling to the grave.]

4. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5. Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6. Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7. Waken O Lord our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our souls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The misery of being without God in this world, &c. vain prosperity.*

No, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store
And rise to wondrous height.

2. They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

4. Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5. Go now and boast of all your stores
And tell how bright you shine,
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The pleasures of a good conscience*

LORD! how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

4. How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow!]

5. They scorn to seek out golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6. While wretched we like worms and moles
Lie grov'ling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

LVIII. *The shortness of life and the goodness of God.*

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis,
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

[2. The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say "they 're here,"
But only say "they 're past."]

[3. Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4. Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5. 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love,
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6. His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7. Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on earth.*

GLORY to God that walks the sky
And sends his blessings thro',
That tells his saints of joys on high
And gives a taste below.

[2. Glory to God that stoops his throne
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3. When Christ with all his graces crown'd
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4. A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial springs,

5. White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.

6. Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7. But ah! how soon my joys decay,
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes;

8. When shall the time dear Jesus! when
The shining day, appear
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9. Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise
And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiser, or the promises are our security.*

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid,
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
2. Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees
He sets the kindest promises.
[3. Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
4. Each of them pow'rful as that sound
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round,
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
5. Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6. O for a strong a lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7. Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8. Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

My soul! come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2. And you mine eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.]

3. Oh could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly
And converse with the dead;

4. Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms:

[5. How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undress
That we may rest in God!]

6. We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer, or the last judgment and hell.* *

SING to the Lord ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou O earth adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, Aug. 20, 1697.

4. Think O my soul the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5. What shall the wretch the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord,
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6. Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

HARK, from the tombs a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying flesh
We 'll rise above the sky.

LXIV. *God the glory and defence of Sion.*

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place!
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3. Thy foes in vain de-igns engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar
That dash and die upon the shore.

4. Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5. God is our shield and God our sun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

LXV. *The hope of heaven our support under trials.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4. There shall I breathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LXVI. *A prospect of heaven makes*

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abide
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

[3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

GREAT God! how infinite art thou
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages stood
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the everlasting God
Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worship of heaven.*

Father! I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat my God!

2. Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight,
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall,
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess. *

7. The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink my joy shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulness of God in the promises.*

BEGIN my tongue some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our Eternal King.

* Isa. xi. 17.

2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3. Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4. Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

[5. He that can dash whole worlds to death
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6. His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7. He said "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

8. O might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"

9. How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

LXX. *God's dominion over the sea,* Psal. cvii. 23, &c.

God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2. If but a Moses wave thy rod
The sea divides and owns its God,
The stormy floods their Maker know
And let his chosen armies thro'.

3. The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up and means a praise to God.

[4. The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5. If God his voice of tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6. How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

[7. What scenes of miracles they see
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8. Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves,
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9. Oh for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge descend, lest men deny
That there 's a God to rule the sky.*

LXXI. *Praise to God from all creatures.*

The glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2. 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

* From the 70th to the 180th Hymn I hope the r
will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and
ines of the stanza.

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues,
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4. Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5. Ye planets to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.

6. The brightness of our Maker name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's day, or the resurrection of Christ.*

Blest morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust
And leave his dark abode.

2. In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolv'ng skies had brought
Th[illegible]

3. Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.

4. To thy great name Almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

[5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered, or spiritual joy restored.*

Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone
And leave me to my joys,
My tongue shall triumph in my God
And make a joyful noise.

2. Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace and shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3. O! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4. In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse dear Saviour of thy face
Revives my joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a sense of divine goodness, or a complaint of ingratitude.*

Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow!

2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

[3. On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4. The brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men,
But we more base more brutish things
Reject his easy reign.]

5. Turn, turn us mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy, or the beatifical Christ.*

From thee my God my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind
And fly beyond the grave.

3. There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

[5. Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6. Haste my Beloved! fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of light
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death
And tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Emanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

[5. Raise your devotion mortal tongues
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6. Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emanuel's praise.]

LXXVII. *The Christian warfare.*

[Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

[3. What tho' the prince of darkness rage
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4. What tho' thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.]

5. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait:

6. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

When the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne.

3. Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4. His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5. To thee dear Lord our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign:
Bless'd Jesus! take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6. Thine honour shall for ever be
The bus'ness of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4. He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5. In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 O for this love! let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

[7. Yes, we will praise the dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

8. Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. *God's awful power and goodness.*

Oh! the almighty Lord,
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble O earth beneath his word
While all the heav'ns adore.

2. Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet ye haughty things!
Or he shall tread you down.

3. Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

Watts.] H 4

4. Yet everlasting God!
We love to speak thy praise,
Thy sceptre 's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5. The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6. Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above!
Thus we adore the God of might
And bless the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our sin the cause of Christ's death.*

And now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2. Were these the traitors dearest Lord
That thy fair body tore!
Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain!
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4. Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart ye sins be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5. Furnish me Lord with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.*

Arise my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake my voice and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2. He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3. The arms of everlasting Love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4. The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5. Satan may vent his sharpest spite
And all his legions roar,
Almight. mercy guards my life
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6. Arise my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasures sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

Thus saith the Ruler of the skies
"Awake my dreadful sword,
"Awake my wrath and smite the Man,
"My fellow," saith the Lord.

2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies,
Jesus submits to his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3. But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
He dies and rises too.

4. A person so divine was he
And yet he rises too.
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away
His life again.

5. Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The same.*

Come all harmonious tongues
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God
And Christ the Man we sing.

2. Tell how he took our flesh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

3. Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4. The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5. Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6. No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more,
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7. There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by
And smiles upon his Son.

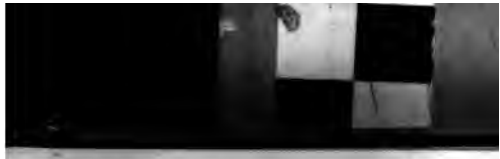
8. There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

WHY does your face ye humble souls
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith
And nourish your despair?

2. What tho' your num'rous sins excel
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne
Like pointed mountains rise?

3. What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And as its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?



4. See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-falling grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

3. It rises high and drowns the hills,
It has neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6. Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.*

Our sins alas! how strong they be?
And like a violent sea
They break our duty Lord to thee,
And hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
For death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3. There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal
Or cool our burning love.

2. There bound in chains the [illegible]
And fright the rescu'd sheep,
But heavy bars confine their [illegible]
And malice to the deep.

3. Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4. Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctifica*

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grac
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners come
"And trust upon the Lord."

3. My soul obeys th' almighty call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise Lord!
Oh help my unbelief.

[4. To the dear fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. Stretch out thine arm victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat
With all his hellish crew.]

6. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

XCI. *The glory of Christ in heaven.*

O! THE delights the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

[3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

saved and her enemies disappointed.

the 5th of November 1694.

, and let our joys
ıtion run,
:sound the noise
sun.
God! our souls admire
ıces sing,
e celestial choir
ernal King.
the whole creation rules,
ry skies
the weak designs
foes devise.
, derides their feeble rage,
awful frown
ınfusion on their plots,
ieir Babel down.
ecret fires in caverns lay,
acrifice,
caverns strove in vain
l searching eyes.
ark designs were all reveal'd,
ns all betray'd;
e Lord that broke the snare

7. In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage
And vex away and die.

8. Almighty Grace defends our land,
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty Grace adore.

XCIII. *God all and in all.* Psalm

My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

[2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

[3. The smilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

[4. To thee and thee alone
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jesus is.]

[5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his residence remove
Or but conceal his face.]

6. Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord.

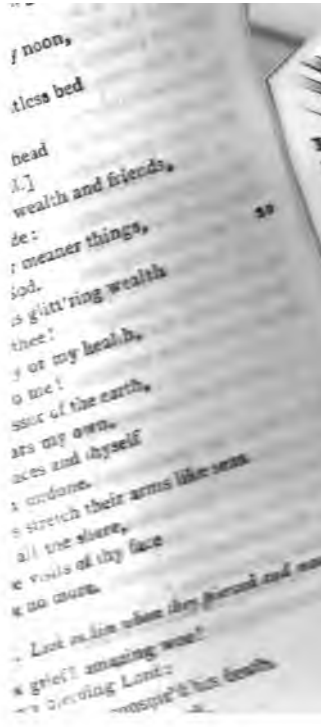
7. Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

XCIV. *God my only happiness*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

My God! my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I 've none but thee in heav'n above
Or on this earthly ball.

[2. What empty things are all the skies
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]



2. Oh! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!

3. But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the Roman bands
And the more spiteful Jews.

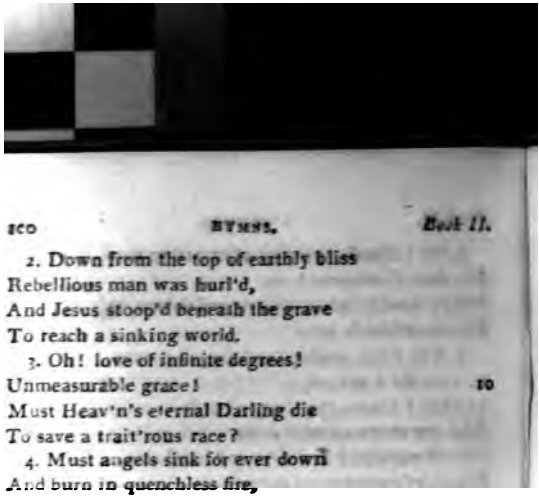
4. 'Twere you my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break my heart, oh! burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6. Strike mighty Grace my flinty soul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

XCVI. *Distinguishing love, or angels punished and man saved.*

Down headlong from the native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.



2. Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.
3. Oh! love of infinite degrees!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To save a trait'rous race?
4. Must angels sink for ever down
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?
5. Oh! for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

XCVII. *The same.*

From heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down,
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.
2. Amazing work of sov'reign grace
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treason call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3. To thee, to thee almighty Love,
Our souls, our selves, our all, we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII. *Hardness of heart complained of.*

My heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2. Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3. How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith
And chills my flaming love.

4. When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms
This stubborn this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5. Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6. When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

C. *The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.*

How full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown and bid my soul depart!

2. Lord! when I quit this earthly stage
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3. I cannot live contented here!
Without some glimpses of thy face;
nd heav'n without thy presence there
ill be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day
d hold my thoughts aside from thee,
shining hours of cheerful light
long and tedious years to me.

And if no ev'ning visit's paid
n my Saviour and my soul,
ight! how sad the shade!
oll!

6. This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood,
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

[7. Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8. The strings that twine about my heart
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

[9. My God! and can a humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10. Impossible!——For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

CI. *The world's three chief temptations.*

When in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

[2. Honour 's a puff of noisy breath,
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3. Whilst others starve the nobler mind
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4. The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There 's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5. God is mine all sufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6. In vain the world accosts my ear
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear
Nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy resurrection.*

No, I 'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying with'ring limbs of mine.

2. Let worms devour my wasting flesh
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3. Break sacred morning thro' the clouds
Bring that delightful dreadful day,
Cut short the hours dear Lord and come
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they move!

[4. Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thine lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

[5. Haste then upon the wings of love
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join the heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Christ's commission*, John ii.

Come happy souls approach your God
With new melodious songs,
Come render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2. So strange so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3. Thy hands dear Jesus were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God;
4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down.
5. Here sinners you may heal your wounds
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name
And you shall never die.
6. See dearest Lord our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praise.

CIV. *The same.*

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief-beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardo
To rebels doom'd to die.
5. Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.
6. Lord! we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brou
And love and praise thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing fro*

And are we wretches yet ali
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless 'tis amazing
That bears us up from hell!
2. The burden of our weig
Would sink us down to fla
And threat'ning vengeance
To crush our feeble frames

3. Almighty Goodness cries "Forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath
And weary out his grace?

4. Lord! we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin,
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5. No more ye lusts shall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out O God thy conqu'ring hand
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the cross.*

Oh! if my soul was form'd for woe
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee my soul, for thee.

3. Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God!
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4. Yes, my Redeemer! they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins
And slay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.
2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear the voice
Pronounce the sound "Depart?"
[3. The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder Lord
With most tormenting fear.]
[4. What? to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5. O wretched state of deep despair
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6. Jesus! I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7. O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

[8. Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

Come let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
A smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd "consuming fire,"
And Vengeance was his name.

3. Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4. Now we may bow before his feet
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat
Nor double flaming sword.

5. The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raise our notes of praise
And reach th' almighty throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkness of Providence*

LORD! we adore thy vast designs;
Th' obscure abyss of Providence
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2. Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile,
We thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3. Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Thro' all the briers and the night.

4. Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

CX. *Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.*

And must this body die
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

[6. Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his word,
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels ministering to Christ and saints.*

GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels in all their robes of light
Are made the servants of his throne.

2. Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state
In works of vengeance or of love.

3. His orders run thro' all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard the British coasts
When foreign rage invades our land.

4. Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5. Lord! when I [illegible]
And thou shalt bid me rise and [illegible]
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

The majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.

2. But mighty God! thy palace shine
With far superior beams,
Thine angel-guards are swift as wind
Thy ministers are flames.

[3. Soon as thine only Son had ma
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4. And when oppress'd with pain
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5. Now to the hands of Christ
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints and
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6. Pleasure and p[illegible]ise run thro' their host
To see a sinner turn,
Then Satan has a captive lost
And Christ a subject born.

7. But there 's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends

8. O could I say without a doubt
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout
And the last trumpet sound.

CXIV. *Christ's death, victory, and dominion.*

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell:
"'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2. "'Tis finish'd," our Emanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3. His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4. Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
5. The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

CXV. *God the avenger of his saints, or his [illegible]*

High as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator God,
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.
2. Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet
And cast their glories down.
3. Know that his kingdom is suprem[illegible]
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.
4. Then let the sov'reigns of the g[illegible]
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5. Ye judges of the earth be wise
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

How can I sink with such a prop
As my Eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And spreads the heav'n's abroad?

2. How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

4. Yet if I might make some reserve
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God p*

I CANNOT bear this absence Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou my heart still near my God,
And thou my God be near my heart.

2. I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile,
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.
3. Then dearest Lord in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The Priestlood of Christ.*

Blood has a voice to pierce the skies,
"Revenge" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks "Peace" as loud from ev'ry vein.
2. Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve his sword
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
3. To Jesus let our praises rise
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The holy Scriptures.*

Laden with guilt and full of fears
I fly to thee my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

[3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin,
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

5. This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6. O may thy counsels mighty God
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The law and gospel joined in scripture.*

The Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

And ...
Sends down the gos...
Th' epistles of his love.
3. These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands,
The pity of the melting heart
And vengeance of his hands.
[4. Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence,
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.
5. We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
6. We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
7. In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning gua...
Where beams of mercy shine.

CXXI. *The law and g...*

The law commands and ma...
What duties to our God we...
But 'tis the gospel must re...
Where lies our strength t...

2. The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3. What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4. My soul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below
And let my God my Saviour go?

3. Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n and there my God I find.

CXXIII. The height of public worship

Away from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our soul's retreat,
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2. Lord! in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet and we adore,
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3. While here our various wants we mention
United groans ascend on high,
And pray'r bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

[4. If Satan rage and sin grow strong
Here we receive some cheering word,
We gird the gospel armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5. Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6. Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side,
But if my feet must hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moses, Aaron, and Jo*

'Tis not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2. 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spi
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3. Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5. Israel rejoice! now Joshua * leads,
He 'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

* Joshua the same with Jesus, and signi

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they've done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2. Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3. The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the gospel.*

THE Lord descending from above
Invites his children near,
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2. Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue,
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3. Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace,
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4. The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5. But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and baptism.*

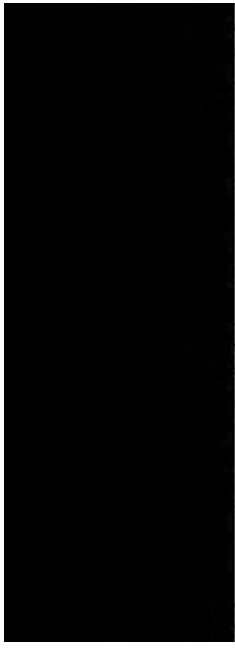
(Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.)

Thus did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2. By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3. Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4. Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.



2. The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear,
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert thro'
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

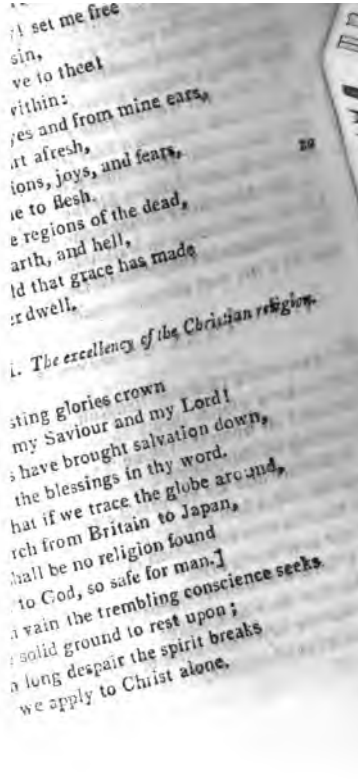
4. So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

ATTEND while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew:
"Behold I sit upon the throne
"Creating all things new!

2. "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise.

3. "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make:
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."



l set me free
sin,
ve to thee!
vithin:
yes and from mine ears,
rt afresh,
ions, joys, and fears,
ie to flesh.
e regions of the dead,
arth, and hell,
ld that grace has made
r dwell.

. *The excellency of the Christian religion.*

sting glories crown
my Saviour and my Lord!
s have brought salvation down,
the blessings in thy word.
hat if we trace the globe around,
rch from Britain to Japan,
hall be no religion found
to God, so safe for man.]
vain the trembling conscience seeks
solid ground to rest upon;
long despair the spirit breaks
we apply to Christ alone.

4. How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

[5. Not the feign'd fields of Heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind,
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6. Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of Christ.*

We bless the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus! thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We rev'rence our high Priest above
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3. We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

Book II.
Spirit,
own
y ray
day;
s know
cks within,
ng sin,
bdue,
arts anew.
nce knows thy voice,
ke our joys,
my wind,
the mind.
10
His
And
Mak
Behold
Behold th
Behold the
To give his
2. Abra'm t
When visions
Mokes the ma
This great F
3. The type
obtain'd their
the incense an

2. He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3. Till God's own Son descending low
Gave his own flesh to bleed,
And Gentiles taste the blessings now
From the hard bondage freed.

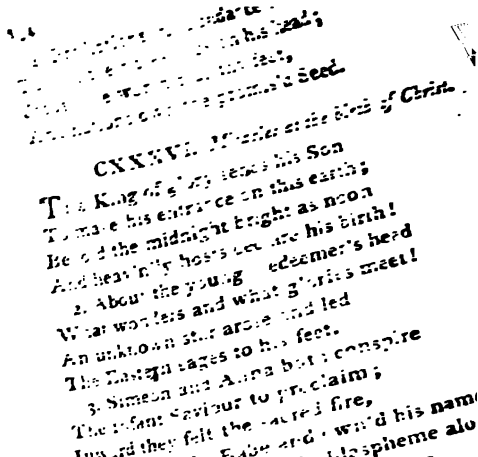
4. The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Christ.*

Behold the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2. Abra'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3. The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.



[illegible] his head;
[illegible] feet,
[illegible] promis'd Seed.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the Birth of Christ.*

The King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Beyond the midnight bright as noon
And heav'nly hosts [illegible] his birth!
2. About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose and led
The Eastern sages to his feet.
3. Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the Babe and own'd his name
[illegible] and Greeks blaspheme alo[illegible]
[illegible] with scorn,

2. Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vidicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3. He dies; the heav'ns in mourning s
He rises and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4. Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the g*

THIS is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2. This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm whose virtue can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

3. The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

[4. Where Satan reign'd in shades of nigh
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light,
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

[5. Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb,
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire and hate the change.]

6. May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of Christ.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth and such thy zeal;
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The examples of Christ and the saints.*

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above how great their joys
And bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears,
They wrestled hard as we do now
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victʼry came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They markʼd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspirʼd their breast)
And following their incarnate God
Possess the promisʼd rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern givʼn,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heavʼn.

my Sov'reign -
he skies,
ces down to sense,
th to rise.
d ears shall bless his name,
hear his word;
taste shall do the same
ceive the Lord.
al water is design'd
leansing grace,
s feast of bread and wine
s saints a place.
ot the waters of a flood
my flesh so clean,
Spirit and his blood
ash my soul from sin.
t choicest meats or noblest wine
ch my heart refresh
en my faith goes thro' the signs
eeds upon his flesh.
l love the Lord that stoops so low
give his word a seal;
the rich grace his hands bestow
ceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and spirit.*

What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within
And do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and gro-
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3. So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4. Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace,
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

CXLIV. *The effusion of the Spirit, or the success gospel.*

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met,
[illegible] on their heads the Spirit came,
[illegible] tongues of cloven flame.
[illegible] what miracles, he ga
[illegible] to save!

4. These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force thy are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6. Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV. *Sight through a glass, or face to face.*

I love the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2. O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3. Haste my Beloved and remove
These interposing days,
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

ity *of creatures, or no rest on earth.*

vast desires,
ith restless fires,
his passions fly
nity.
rth we hope to find
o fill the mind;
sures, but we feel
t and torments still.
aging fever burns
ide to side by turns,
relief we gain
place but keep the pain.
ll! subdue this vicious thirst,
nity and dust,
fever of the mind,
souls with joys refin'd.

VII. *The creation of the world,* Gen. i.

a spacious world arise,"
ator Lord:
obedient earth and skies
sovereign word.
was the deep; the waters lay
and crown'd the land:
the light; the new-born day
n his command.

3. He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky
And float on softer air.
4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling seas together flow
And leave the solid land.
5. With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth
Or sun to warm the ground.
6. Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise
To mark out months and years.
7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.]
8. He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And gazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
9. Adam was fram'd of equal clay
Tho' sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
Young creation stood;
Saw the building from on high,
Word pronounc'd it good.
1. Lord! while the frame of nature stands
My praise shall fill my tongue,
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Christ.*

DEAREST of all the names above
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love
Or trifle with thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again,
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred, Three
Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Emanuel's face appear
My hope my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to magistrates, or government from God.*

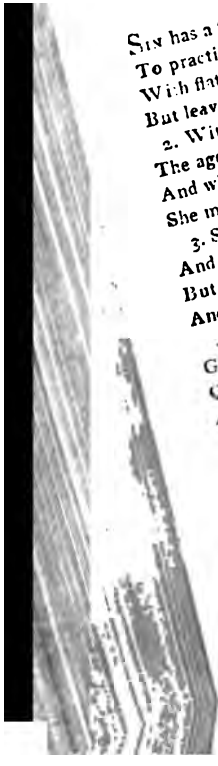
ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2. Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

[3. The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]

4. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5. Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.



Sin has a thousand treac
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2. With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes
She makes his fetters strong.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence,
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
Grew their forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and inspirati*

'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'
2. The works and wonders which
Confirm'd the messages they brou
The prophet's pen succeeds his br
To save the holy words from dea

3. Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4. Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

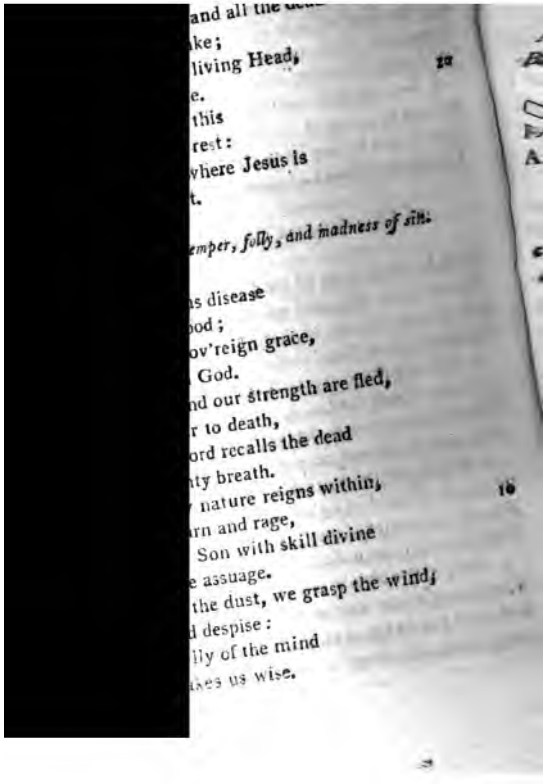
CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

Nor to the terrors of the Lord
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4. Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.



5. We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell,
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6. The man possess'd amongst the tombs
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

CLIV. *Self-righteousness insufficient.*

"Where are the mourners (saith the Lord)
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkness all the day?
"Come make my name your trust and stay.

[2. "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide
"Will not your least pollutions hide.†

3. "The softest couch that nature knows
"Can give the conscience no repose:
"Look to my righteousness and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4. "Ye sons of pride that kindle coals
"With your own hands to warm your souls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5. "This is your portion at my [illegible]
"Hell waits you with her [illegible]
"Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
"In death, in darkness, and despair.

CLV. Christ our Passover.

Lo! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2. He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine,
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3. Thus the appointed Lamb [illegible]
To break th' Egyptian yoke,
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4. Lord! if my heart were sprinkled
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5. Jesus our Passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain
And God's avenging sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and despair, or Satan's variations.*

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fears,
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3. Now he persuades "how easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[4. He bids young sinners "yet forbear
"To think of God or death,
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5. He tells the aged "they must die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]

6. Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7. Almighty God! cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell,
And that he vex the earth no more
Confine him down to hell.

CLVII. *The same.*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy,
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2. Ye sons of God oppose his rage,
Resist and he 'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish'd him alone.

3. Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old Serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

4. Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

CLVIII. *Few saved, or the almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.*

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But Wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2. "Deny thyself and take thy cross"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3. The fearful soul that tries and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new!
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted state, or converting grace.*

[Great King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble shame
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name!]

ws our ta...
within,
all that's good,
s to sin.
eak thy holy laws,
by grace,
id Serpent's cause
ker's face.]
trang'd afar from God,
stance well;
run the dang'rous road
death and hell.
such rebels be restor'd!
s made divine!
see thy glory Lord,
is pow'r of thine.
ise our Father's name on high,
own Spirit sends
rebellious strangers nigh
his foes to friends.

CLX. *Custom in sin.*

he wild leopards of the wood
f the spots that nature gives,
may the wicked turn to God,
change their tempers and their lives.

2. As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin,
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3. Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the least control
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of his soul.

4. Great God! I own thy pow'r divine
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Christian virtues, or the difficulty of conversion.*

Strait is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2. Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

[3. Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

[Var.

4. The love of gold
That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie]
5. The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray but never faint.
6. Lord! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard!
Thy grace must all my work perform
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of heaven, or the joy of fa*

My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.
2. There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed three in One,
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
3. His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart,
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4. Light are the pains that nature bri
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!
5. I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of desertion and te*

DEAR Lord! behold our sore distress,
Our sins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grac
And let thy foes be slain.
[2. The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep,
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.
3. Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear;
Nor tears affect thine eye?
4. If thou despise a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword
our deadly foes;
s shall die beneath thy word,
ll in vain oppose.
ow boundless is our Father's grace
ght, and depth, and length!
ade his Son our righteousness,
Spirit is our strength.

CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

WHY should this earth delight us so?
hy should we fix our eyes
n these low grounds where sorrows grow,
nd ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While Time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3. Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4. When will that glorious morning rise
When the last trump shall sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground.

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and t*
tions.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word!
2. Oft' I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!
[3. My dear Almighty and my God!
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod
And blessings of thy throne!]
[4. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]
5. Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r i
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
[6. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without deca
And love shall never die.]

How shall I praise th' Eternal God,
That infinite unknown?
Who can ascend the high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

[2. The great Invisible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light,
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3. Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4. Speak we of strength? his arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

[5. He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

[6. Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7. Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While Mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8. Now to my soul immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word,
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The same.*

GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' Eternal King.

[2. Earth and the stars, and worlds unknow
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

[3. His sov'reign pow'r what mortal know:
If he command who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[4. Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5. His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and abo
His fiery vengeance on their heads.
[6. The beamings of his piercing
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
[7. Th' eternal law before him st
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]
[8. His mercy like a boundless se
Washes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and
T' engage his justice on our side.]
[9. Each of his words demands m
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
10. O tell me with a gentle voice
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoi
Fill'd with thy love I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2. His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wisdom shines
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4. And will the glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The same as the 148th Psalm.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
"My Father and my Friend!"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs
And praise the Lord.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

:s to perfection find
:reated mind? *
est stretch of thought
:arch his nature out?
is heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
nortals know or tell?
ds beyond the sky,
ning worlds on high.
vain man, would fain be wise!
d young colt he flies
llies of his mind,
snuffs the empty wind.]
ing of pow'r unknown;
ders of his throne:
o dare oppose,
y or what he does?
s the heart, and he makes whole;
mpest of the soul;
up in long despair
ve the heavy bar?
, and darkness veils the moon;
n grows dim at noon: †
he heav'n's starry roof
art at his reproof. ‡

. † Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

7. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
8. These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

...MNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

...IED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

...The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

...s on that dark that doleful night,
...pow'rs of earth and hell arose
...t the Son of God's delight,
...ends betray'd him to his foes.
...fore the mournful scene began
...k the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
...ove thro' all his actions ran!
...wondrous words of grace he spoke!
...This is my body broke for sin;
...ive and eat the living food:"
...ook the cup and bless'd the wine;
...the new cov'nant in my blood."
...r us his flesh with nails was torn;
...e the scourge, he felt the thorn;
...stice pour'd upon his head
...vy vengeance in our stead.

5. For us his vital blood was
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6. "Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend:
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

[7. Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with Christ and with saints, &c.*

[Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
with their Lord.
his flesh,

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one,
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5. We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise,
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

III. *The New Testament in the blood of Christ, or the New Covenant sealed.*

"THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good:"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name,
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3. The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs, are thine.

And ratify'd in death.

5. Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

IV. *Christ's dying love, or our pardon bought*

How condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2. When Justice by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3. He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4. This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted high!
His love is still as great:
While he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

[6. Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

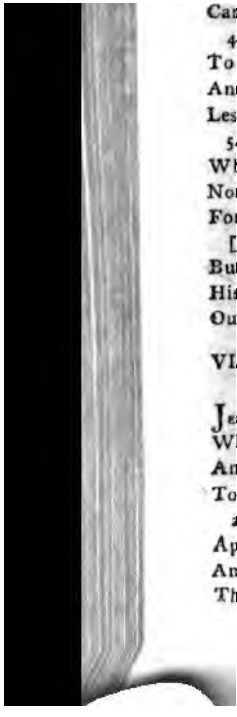
[7. Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8. Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Christ the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

Let us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls has fed:
Thou art our living stream O Lord!
And thou th' immortal bread!

[1. The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,



Can rise us from the dead.]

4. Bless'd be the Lord that gives his
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

5. Our souls shall draw their heav'nly
Whilst Jesus finds supplies,
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

[6. Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come,
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

VI. *The memorial of our absent Lord,* John xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thoughts.

2. He knows what wand'ring hearts
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3. The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.

4. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5. While he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

[6. Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the cross of* vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it Lord that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

[4. His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The tree of life.*

[Come let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2. While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!]

3. The tree of life that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands
reet celestial Dove,
esus to the branches hangs
nner of his love.]
Tis a young heav'n of strange delight
in his shade we sit;
iit is pleasing to the sight,
the taste as sweet.
ew life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
neers the drooping mind;
r and joy the juice imparts
ut a sting behind.]
ow let the flaming weapon stand
uard all Eden's trees,
's ne'er a plant in all that land
ears such fruit as these.
finite Grace our souls adore
e wondrous hand has made
iving Branch of sov'reign pow'r
se and heal the dead.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood, 1 John v. 6.

r all our tongues be one
ise our God on high,
from his bosom sent his Son
ch us strangers nigh.

eam

e,

he same

[illegible] my soul from sin,
let thy grace depart;
at Comforter I abide within,
witness to my heart.]

X. *Christ crucified: the wisdom and power of God.*

TURE with open volume stands
spread her Maker's praise abroad,
ev'ry labour of his hands
s something worthy of a God.
But in the grace that rescu'd man
rightest form of glory shines;
on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
cious blood and crimson lines.
Here his whole name appears complete;
it can guess nor reason prove
1 of the letters best is writ,
w'r, the wisdom of his

5. O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
6. I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our senses.*

Lord! how divine thy comforts are
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
2. There the rich beauties of our God
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says "That I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."
3. "Here, (says the kind redeeming L
And shows his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys
"That open'd when I dy'd"
[4. He smiles and cheers my mournf
And tells of all his pain;
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee
(And then he smiles again.)

5. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

[6. Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7. To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

XII. *The gospel-feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[How rich are thy provisions Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2. Thine ancient family the Jews
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

Watts.]

. From the highway that leads to hell,
om paths of darkness and despair,
ord! we are come with thee to dwell,
lad to enjoy thy presence here.]
[5. What shall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wand'rers back to God!
6. It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own,
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.
7. Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost,
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

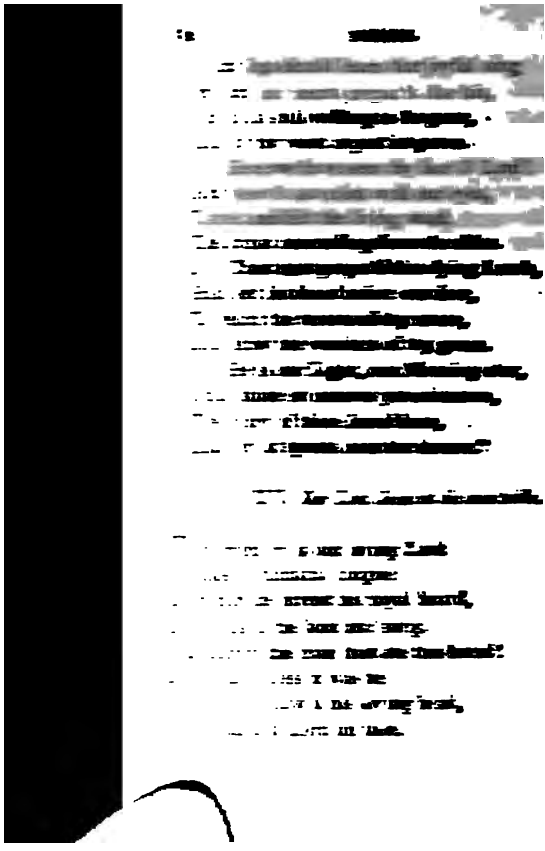
XIII. *Divine Love making a feast and calling in the guests.*
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
2. Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

[3. While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
"Lord! why was I a guest?
4. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"]
5. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
[6. Pity the nations O our God!
Constrain the earth to come,
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
7. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race.
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

XIV. *The song of Simeon*, Luke ii. 28. *or a sigh makes death easy.*

Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.



3. By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4. Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends!
"Come my beloved, eat, (he cries)
"And drink salvation friends.

[5. "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains,
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."

6. Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

[7. Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

XVI. *The agonies of Christ.*

Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought
When Lord compar'd with thine.

2. In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

[3. Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4. His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5. But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6. Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day!
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7. Our hymns should sound like those above
Could we our voices raise;
Yet Lord! our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

. Incomparable food, or the flesh and blood of Christ.

sing th' amazing deeds
race divine performs;
ernal God comes down and bleeds
rish dying worms.
is soul-reviving wine,
aviour! 'tis thy blood;
nk that sacred flesh of thine
s immortal food.
e banquet that we eat
e of heav'nly things;
ath no dainties half so sweet
Redeemer brings.
vain had Adam sought
arch'd his garden round,
re was no such blessed fruit
he happy ground.
' angelic host above
ver taste this food;
east upon their Maker's love,
t a Saviour's blood.
us th' almighty Lord
's this matchless grace,
eets us with some cheering word
pleasure in his face.

Book III.
mplaints,
e proclaim,
The same.
thy feet!
tor'd;
souls have ate;
re thank thee Lord!
drink our Saviour's blood;
ord! 'tis gen'rous wine
ve; the fountain flow'd
bleeding heart of thine.
is no such sweetness found,
flesh is heav'nly food:
globe around
10

o the Master of the feast;
our souls for ever bless;
ıe King and God the Priest
sanna round the place.

ry in the cross, or not ashamed of Christ crucified.

ommand our dearest Lord!
ıttend thy dying feast,
l like wine adorns thy board,
own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
aith adores thy bleeding love,
s for life in one that dy'd,
for heav'nly crowns above
edeemer crucify'd.
ıe vain world pronounce it shame,
their scandals on the cause,
to boast our Saviour's name,
our triumphs in his cross.
joy we tell the scoffing age
as dead has left his tomb;
bove their utmost rage,
re waiting till he come.

XX. *The provisions for the table of the Lord, an life and river of love.*

Lord! we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For ev'ry willing guest.

[2. The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

3. The cup stands crown'd with living juice
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]

4. The food 's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure 's well refin'd,
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5. Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6. A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

XXI. *The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.*

[COME let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky
Where pleasure never dies.

2. Jesus the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]

[3. Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4. The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!

5. "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.

6. "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

[7. "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
" And plung'd it in my heart;
" Infinite pangs for you I bore
" And most tormenting smart.
8. " When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
" Stood dreadful in my way,
" To rescue those dear lives of yours
" I gave my own away.
9. " But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
" I ruin'd Satan's throne;
" High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
" The monster tumbling down.
10. " Now you must triumph at my feast,
" And taste my flesh and blood,
" And live eternal ages blest,
" For 'tis immortal food."
11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]
12. We give thee Lord our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

XXII. *The compassion of a dying Christ.*

Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.
[3. Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]
[4. The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more,
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
5. Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bless'd Fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.]
6. In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine:
Had we a thousand lives to give
A thousand lives should all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of Christ.*

[Sitting around our Father's board
We raise our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2. We see the blood of Jesus shed
Whence all our pardons rise,
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3. The cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4. Oh! 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and strength from Christ.*

Father! we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine,
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2. We touch, we taste, the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup,
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3. We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4. We shall be strong to run the race
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

[5. Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

How are thy glories here display'd,
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread
And pour the flowing wine.

2. Here thy revenging Justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause,
Here saving Mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.

3. Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice,
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.

4. Our Hope in waiting posture sits,
To Heav'n directs her sight,
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5. Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And rising Sin destroy,
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6. Dear Saviour change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die,
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patria, *be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship. I have cast the Song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few* hosannas *or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.*

XXVI. FIRST. LONG METRE.

A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

Bless'd be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2. Glory to thee great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3. We give thee sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. FIRST. COMMON METRE.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2. Glory to God the Son be paid
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. FIRST. SHORT METRE.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2. Ye saints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death
By off'ring up his own.

3. Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.

4. While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5. To the great One and Three
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. SECOND. LONG METRE.

RY to God the Trinity,
se name has mysteries unknown;
sence One, in person Three;
ial nature, yet alone.
When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
honours of thy name to raise,
glories overmatch our mind,
l angels faint beneath the praise

XXX. SECOND. COMMON METRE.

HE God of mercy be ador'd
ho calls our souls from death,
ho saves by his redeeming word
id new-creating breath.
2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
nd Spirit, all divine
he One in Three, and Three in One,
et saints and angels join.

XXXI. SECOND. SHORT METRE.

LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
the Saviour pay the same,

Father of lights above
mercy we adore,
Son of thy eternal love,
Spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. THIRD. LONG METRE.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
onour, praise, and glory giv'n
ll on earth and all in heav'n.

XXXIII. OR THUS:

glory to thy wondrous name,
er of mercy, God of love;
s we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. THIRD. COMMON METRE.

w let the Father, and the Son,
Spirit, be ador'd,
ere there are works to make him known
aints to love the Lord.

XXXV. OR THUS:

NOUR to the almighty Three,
everlasting One;
glory to the Father be,
Spirit, and the Son.

XXXVI. THIRD. SHORT METRE.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. OR THUS:

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. *A Song of praise to the blessed Tri*
first as the CXLVIIIth *Psalm.*

I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man hath done.

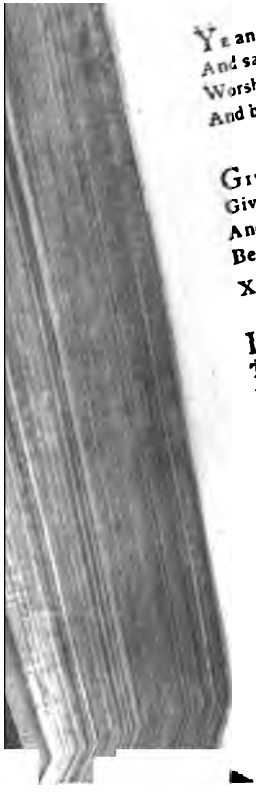
2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
[illegible] the fruit

3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The second as the c*

To him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man:



Ye angels round the throne,
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And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. ON THUS:

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Give glory to the Son,
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I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
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He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man hath done.
2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

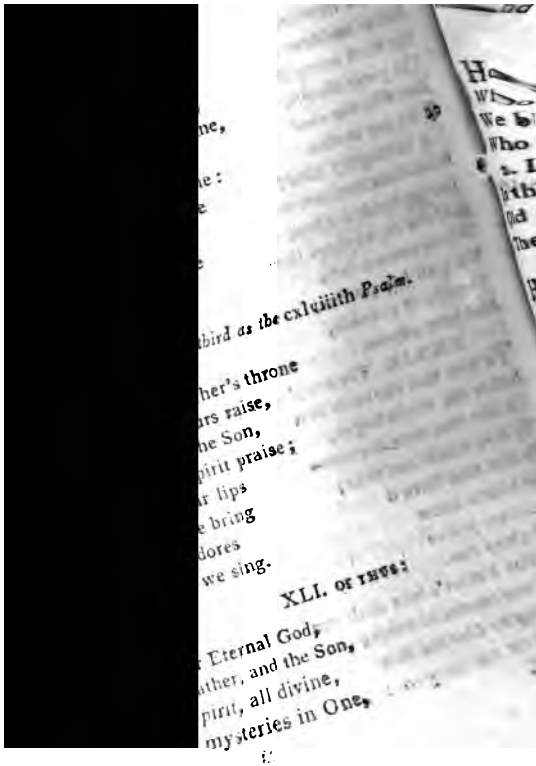
3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The second as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

To him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2. The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son



Salvation, pow'r,
And praise, be giv'n
By all on earth
And all in heav'n.

XLII. LONG METRE.

The Hosanna, or Salvation ascribed to Christ.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2. Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion behold thy King,
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2. Hosanna to th' incarnate Word
Who from the Father came,
Ascribe salvation to the Lord
With blessing on his name.

XLIV. SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2. To Christ th'anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

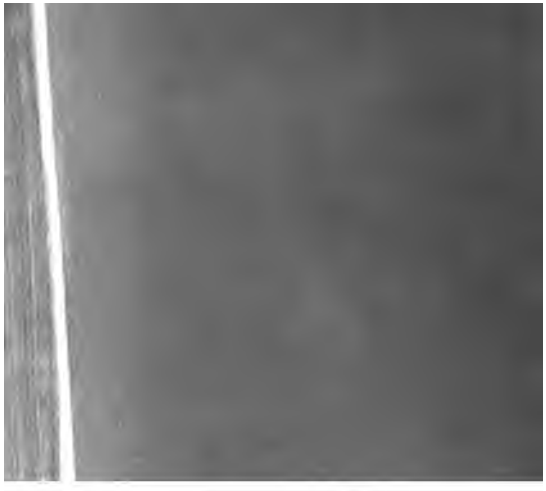
XLV. *As the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood,
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God.
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2. Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb,
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him blest.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

Printed by G. Cawthorn, Strand.



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